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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The war cannot correctly be described as over but the enemy's back is plainly broken. He may yet cause hostilities ineffectually to drag on; he may worry us by a furtive blow and then a scuttle here and there; but there is no longer left to him anything in the shape of a plan of campaign. For him, whether he chooses to admit it or not, the game is up. As a military performance, the British progress through the Transvaal, crowned by the surrender and occupation of Pretoria, is brilliant in the extreme. It is in reality, though it does not appear so, all the more brilliant for the absence of battles, the smallness of the casualties, the enemy's collapse. It has been a "walk over," because the British General has so used his enormous superiority in numbers as to make resistance on the Boers' part impossible. But while the absence of sentiment should not in any way diminish the admiration for Lord Roberts' military skill, it does put out of court sentimental demonstrations, which only sentimental occasions can justify. The possession of Pretoria is very good business indeed, but it must be taken as business. And that is how the English people have regarded it—for the factitious emotion of a few boys and girls, anxious to get up another Mafeking day for their own diversion, cannot surely be taken seriously—and thus we have shown once more that if we can lose our heads when it is a matter of saving our fellow-countrymen, we can very well keep them, when it comes to business again.

Turning to the facts of the war, between the entry of Lord Roberts into Johannesburg on 1 June and the day on which he announced that he had occupied Pretoria and that the British flag was hoisted on the top of the Government offices four days elapsed. It was not until 5 June that the great event had become authentic history, and the rumours which had done duty for news been proved to be premature. In a telegram of 4 June Lord Roberts described the fighting at Six Miles Spruit which ended in driving the enemy back towards Pretoria. On the same day at an interview sought by Commandant-General Botha and held shortly before midnight at Lord Roberts' headquarters, the Boer General was informed that the surrender of the town must be unconditional. At one o'clock the next day while on the line of march Lord Roberts was met by three of the civil officials with a flag of truce and an offer to surrender the town. An hour later the formal occupation had taken place.

No information is as yet to hand of what has been happening to the north and east of Pretoria since General Botha retired and left Pretoria to its fate. In Natal the position appears to be unchanged though there is a report from Laffan's Agency in Pretoria that an interview has taken place between Commandant Christian Botha and General Buller and an armistice agreed upon, but no explanation of what this may portend, if it is true at all, has yet been given. The most important news from the Orange River Colony is an account sent by Lord Roberts on 5 June that the 13th Battalion of the Imperial Yeomanry had to surrender on 31 May near Lindley to a very superior force of the enemy. Lord Methuen who had been ordered to their assistance arrived too late to save them though he had marched from near Heilbron a distance of forty-four miles in twenty-five hours; but in his subsequent fighting the Boer force of two or three thousand were routed. There has been successful fighting against the rebels in Griqualand West by Sir Charles Warren's forces in the neighbourhood of Douglas and Colonel Adaye's near Kheis.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman at Glasgow on Thursday last made a very long speech and one point. He admitted that the annexation of the Orange Free State and of the Transvaal was inevitable. This, less as coming from the statesman Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman than as coming from one holding his position, is a very significant and important admission, and there was some acuteness in the argument by which the admission was justified. Independence limited in the terms insisted on by the champions of Boer autonomy themselves, would create every possible practical difficulty without conciliating sentiment. Indeed to grant the form, the show of independence, without the substance would be every day and every hour to remind a conquered people that they had been conquered, and would further irritate by the abiding suggestion that they had been tricked. Worse statesmanship could not be conceived, and we are as relieved as surprised to find that the Opposition "man in possession" has not committed himself to it. Grant the Boers national independence under any heads and their ambition will be again, as it was before, to obtain it under all. It is human nature. From Adam and Eve downwards it is man's way not to value the nine-tenths he has got, for chagrin that he has not the one remaining tenth. Therefore if you cannot give him the whole, and you do not want friction and irritation, it is wiser and kinder to give him none. Lord Salisbury's "not one shred of independence" sounds truculent but is wise statesmanship.

Mr. Bryce's speech at Aberdeen was remarkable for its punctiliousness in using "Britain" instead of England, except in one instance where he said "Little Englanders" instead of "Little Britishers," as we suppose he ought to have said, and for its invertebrate platitudes about the Colonies and Imperialism. That was the consequence of his having to address a constituency that would not have listened with any patience to his views about the war which has added to the Empire our new colonies, the Orange River and the Transvaal. Liberals must hope that Mr. Bryce will discover something more than an Imperialism that is "sane and unaggressive" as a bond of union for them to go to the country on. It is hardly enough. His reference to the bicycle that falls if it comes to a standstill, as representing Lord Salisbury's idea of a non-expanding British Empire, allows us to say that these elemental principles are like a bicycle made for two; both Tories and Liberals can ride it. But the difficulty is they want to go different ways; and the way actually traversed of late has not been the route the Liberals have chosen. The one practical idea that emerges from the speech is that Liberals are prepared to give their benediction to volunteering because it will perhaps attenuate proposals to strengthen the Army. That is exactly what we said last week as to the danger of the proposed Volunteer reserve.

If it had been the purpose of Mr. Bourassa, the French-Canadian Liberal, to afford the Dominion Parliament an opportunity for demonstrating its emphatic approval of the Transvaal War, his action on Thursday was admirably calculated to accomplish that end. It was proposed to forward an address to the Queen expressive of Canada's special gratification at being permitted to share in the triumph of British arms. Mr. Bourassa protested. He declared the war unjust and unprovoked. Lord Roberts' victory, in his opinion, reflects no credit on Great Britain or the British Army. Mr. Bourassa considered that he had no alternative but to resign his seat by way of emphasising his dissent. The response to his announcement was a ringing cheer for the Queen, followed by the singing of the National Anthem. It was a dramatic moment, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier promptly improved the occasion by reaffirming his conviction that the war was in the interest of liberty, justice and equality. French-Canadian dissent is clearly not very serious in its proportions.

Miss Mary Kingsley who died last week in South Africa was a distinguished explorer and a writer whose high and serious purpose never checked a keen sense of humour. But more than this she was a singularly lovable and original personality. They who knew her only through her writings were prone to think of her as cynical, and she had contracted that habit of jesting upon horrors which springs up readily in a climate where the annual mortality of white men varies from ten to eighty in a hundred. But they who met her found a quiet retiring person absolutely unconcerned about herself, and ceaselessly occupied in doing service to others. She could feel for communities or parties without losing her sympathy for any individual, and though she was constantly engaged in controversy over the most contentious issues, personal enmity was apparently unknown to her. West Africa is a hotbed of animosities, she returned from it with a sheaf of friendships—and a most strangely assorted one.

Her belief in the possibilities of the negro was strong, if the negro were developed on lines adapted to his nature; but the special brief which she held was for the much-abused class of traders, to whom as she was never tired of insisting we owe whatever we possess in tropical Africa. Liverpool loses a spirited champion as well as a very clear-sighted adviser. Concerning her exploits in travels it need only be said she went where not one man in a hundred would have dared to go, and never left trouble behind her. She had no desire to see death inflicted on any living thing but she had a natural love of fighters and a passion for the "bright eyes of danger." Her death means a heavy loss to many causes, but her friends, and perhaps no woman had so many, will think first of the blank left in their own

lives. There was never a more singular personality. It seems hard that one who had gone unscathed through so many poisonous swamps should have found death in a health resort, but the task of nursing the Boer sick in the hospital at Simonstown was one to which her very strong sympathy for their case—ardent Imperialist though she was—naturally drew her; all the more because it was dangerous and unpopular; and she died as she was sure to die sooner or later in trying to save the life of others.

The Boxer outrages on life and property continue without any serious effort on the part of the Chinese Government to suppress them. It is now certain that it has encouraged, and is encouraging, the movement. There are reports of murders of Europeans, missionaries and others. Between Tien-tsin and Peking the railway is not working as the engine-drivers will not make the run unless guards are posted and British marines have been ordered to force a passage to Peking; the damage done to railways is said to be over £1,000,000. The embassies at Peking are being protected by the Foreign Guards, but the families of most of the members of the Legations, including the British, are being sent away. Evidently foreign intervention and control in some shape will be necessary; but already the inevitable suspicions have arisen of Russia, or Great Britain, or Japan, as the case may be, using the opportunity for strengthening its individual position. Japan at least suspects Russia, and the Japanese Minister has interrogated the Tsungli-Yamen as to the offers of Russian troops to quell the disturbances which are positively asserted to have been made.

The Russian police are not nicely discriminative in hunting out political offenders, and it seems according to the "Standard's" Kieff correspondent that they have lately put the Emperor to considerable inconvenience by mistaking a mere socialistic movement, which at present in most European countries is hardly more violent than the movements of other parliamentary groups, for a fresh outburst of Nihilism. Shortly before the Emperor went to Moscow for the Easter festivities there had been numerous arrests in St. Petersburg by Administrative Order, and the danger was considered so great that the visit to Moscow was decided on for the sake of safety, and for the same reason continued so long as to excite surprise in all who were not acquainted with the extent of the supposed danger. There was no need to expect violence from the mild-mannered Socialists, but in the correspondent's opinion the permanent effects of the newer propaganda are likely to be more serious politically than those achieved by the older Nihilism, and the future Russian extremists will fall into line with their colleagues in other European countries. In the meantime they are feeling the heavy hand of the Government and all societies musical, dramatic and athletic are more strictly than ever under police surveillance.

One suppression in particular has shocked the educated classes; that of the Imperial Free Economic Society which was founded by the Empress Katharine more than a century ago. We are quite familiar with the explanation for such "ugly and ominous facts" that "there is a power behind the throne and a baneful power withal capable of misleading and constraining his Majesty's good sense and autocratic freedom of action." There is a peace-loving Tsar but there is an aggressive war party: a liberal-minded Tsar but a Russianising party which procures the destruction of the Finnish constitution. There is indeed in these and similar facts a "peculiar significance for Russia's neighbours as well as for the Russian people." For example the Reports of Emigration show that for the last three years the numbers have been doubling yearly. The Finns are leaving in large numbers and they come to English ports. And figures are given showing that of the Russian emigrants through Hamburg and Bremen nine thousand intended to seek their fortunes in England. The "baneful power behind the throne" is responsible for much of the wretched condition of the poor in London. And this makes one think of the

Pauper Alien Immigration Bill to which the Government pledged themselves at the beginning of this Parliament!

Mr. A. R. Colquhoun's address at the Royal United Service Institution on the Trans-Siberian-Manchurian Railway, and the speech of the chairman, Sir Lepel H. Griffin, are very important commentaries on affairs in the Far East where the eyes of all the nations are at present so anxiously turned. The railway, passing right through from St. Petersburg to Port Arthur and planned to serve equally commercial and strategic purposes, is part of that mighty instrument which Russia is patiently forging, and which she is to use to accomplish her destiny of paralysing the vital centres of the neighbouring Chinese Empire and subsequently absorbing it. Sir Lepel Griffin perhaps sees a possible limit to this process since he hopes that the war in South Africa will enable Great Britain to take her fair share in the settlement. The immediate crisis in China he believes to be the symptom of the relations between Russia and Japan, and that the advance of Russia at the present moment is aimed against Japan for the purpose of securing Korea which is of vital importance to both of them.

There will have to be another "Compromise" in respect of Clause 74 of the Commonwealth Bill before the Bill is accepted by Australian opinion as satisfactory. We have contended that the Australians would prefer unrestricted appeal when the dangers of limitation were put before them, and that the compromise ought not to have been made. Important evidence of this view being strongly held in Australia comes from Melbourne. To the Premier of Victoria the Premier of Queensland has stated that if the compromise is inserted in the Bill, Queensland will demand a clause withholding its application to that colony, unless its Parliament shall pass a resolution adopting it. The Chief Justice of Queensland's criticism of the proposal allowing the executive Governments to decide whether litigants raising constitutional questions shall be allowed to appeal to the Privy Council, is approved by the Melbourne "Argus," and it characterises the compromise as an astounding blunder. Sir George Turner considers the clause unreasonable, and not in accordance with Australian views. These are somewhat serious comments on the complacency of the Government and the Opposition during the recent debate.

Canada has been canvassed by the "Daily Chronicle" on the subject of Imperial Federation. On the whole the replies of historians, professors and officials strongly favour some move forward. Mr. Goldwin Smith is, however, quite unrepentant, and will no doubt extract from the varying views of the respondents new evidence that Federation is a hopeless fad. Some favour a policy of pushing steadily ahead with the Federation propaganda, confident that Federation will evolve itself in due time. Others would have representatives sent forthwith to Westminster; others would introduce some form of consultative co-operation between the Imperial and the Colonial Cabinets; others would create a purely Imperial Council to deal with trade, defence, and matters of common interest. No one elaborates any comprehensive scheme, and all that we glean from the symposium is that men's minds in the colonies are stirred by what Walt Whitman would have called "curious abrupt questionings" on the subject of future Imperial relations. We hope the "Chronicle" is extending its inquiries to South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand. Meantime the scheme of Imperial Federation which Lord Charles Beresford promises to draft in the "Daily Express," though it cannot exactly be described as responsible, will be followed with some interest.

In Italy as in Belgium whatever successes have been gained in the general elections go to the parties of the extreme left, the Radicals, Republicans, and Socialists. Thus in the Italian Chamber the Socialist group of the late Chamber has been doubled; but General Pelloux' Government is perhaps on the whole strengthened, because the Socialist successes have been mostly gained from those leaders of the constitutional opposition

who, as rivals for power with General Pelloux, joined the extreme parties in opposition to various Government measures which were aimed against the latter. But the prospect of the new Italian Parliament re-establishing the forfeited reputation of constitutionalism is as remote as ever. Unfortunately, owing to the abstention of Italian churchmen from politics, a "Centre" party, which in some other countries such as Belgium is supplied by the Clericals is a steadying influence against the forces of disorder absent in Italy. It is this Clerical centre that preserves equilibrium in the Belgian Parliament which has just been returned, though under the new system of proportional representation Liberal and Socialistic parties have somewhat improved their position.

By 231 votes to 37 the French Senate has adopted the Government Amnesty Bill and M. Waldeck-Rousseau's speech explaining the principles on which the Government have acted is to be placarded throughout France. The decision to pass this Act of oblivion was taken so long ago as September last on the conclusion of the Rennes trial, and this is M. Waldeck-Rousseau's answer to those who taunt the Government with having adopted it as a recovery from the recent *faux pas* it is alleged to have taken, when it connived recently at the reopening of the Affaire. M. Waldeck-Rousseau's retort is that it has always been to the advantage of the Government no less than of France that all prosecutions should be stayed, though with perverse ingenuity the Nationalists have wantonly ascribed to the Government their own policy of keeping the Affaire alive. The Bill does not include the men who were condemned by the Senate in the conspiracy trials, but it stops the prosecution of officers like General Mercier, and of Major Esterhazy and the staff officers for other than military offences, as well as of M. Zola, M. Reinach and Colonel Picquart; and no proceedings except civil actions for damages can be taken if it becomes law.

Political opportunism is the note of M. Waldeck-Rousseau's speech. The safety of the Republic is the supreme law and when certain offenders have great political parties at their back and to punish them would be to raise civil war, then their offences must be ignored. Justice is not to be done if the heavens threaten to fall; and they who insist on its being done must take the task out of the hands of the Government which will not face the status quo. But it must be admitted that the Premier did not hesitate to express his feelings as to the iniquity of the proceedings against Dreyfus and of those responsible for them. Positive justice would demand punishment not amnesty—meaning political interest—and political interest must ask what is required for the sake of peace, in other words what will keep the Republic a going concern. If the passion for justice must be satisfied—well there is posterity, there is the public conscience, there is history. Rather a lame and impotent conclusion but what is a poor Premier to do? And will there be peace? He can only answer that when we want to put out a fire we must at least start by depriving it of its principal aliment. That is as far as M. Waldeck-Rousseau will go, and who would venture to be more positive?

Viscount Cobham at a Friendly Society meeting on Tuesday spoke of old age pensions and condemned the proposal on the usual grounds, but particularly because it threatened the existence of the Friendly Societies. His speech was malapropos because it happens that the papers during the week have been reporting the proceedings of the annual meetings of Friendly Societies and of the Co-operative Congress, and whether Lord Cobham is right or wrong he certainly does not represent the opinions of these most interested parties in the controversy. Two years ago he might have claimed to do so; but now he is belated: the societies have passed through his phase of thought or feeling and are abandoning it. The president of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, speaking at Portsmouth of the sacrifices entailed upon members of benefit societies who had fought and died in the war, added to them the postponement of a State-aided scheme. At Crewe the president of the Druids took the same view, and saw insolvency

in the societies attempting to provide their own pensions. The Co-operative Congress at Cardiff also decided that as co-operators they could not undertake this obligation, and though they voted against a resolution in favour of State pensions, that was only because they want to keep the operations of the societies outside politics.

The Rev. David Macrae of Glasgow has supplied an additional reason for the wish that Mr. Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate, had never written "Mafeking." It is a most provoking thing that a poem which ought to be forgotten as quickly as possible should have started us again on that insoluble controversy about the use of "England" for "Britain" which might just as well be forgotten for any practical results it can have. Mr. Macrae is no doubt right in claiming that in all strictly official documents such as "Mafeking" the Treaty of Union should be vigorously observed, but where the question of poetry or literature arises Mr. Austin is quite justified in pointing out that masters of those arts, such as Tennyson and Swinburne, have observed the laws of the Republic of Letters and disregarded the constitution. And what is the use of arguing with poets? They won't concede more than "Britannia." Addison wrote "Pale Britannia" and it is "Britannia" that rules the waves. What did they sing in Scotland on "Mafeking night?" Did they vow they would fight for England's glory or was it Britain's glory? Then there is "Tommy Atkins." That is quite English, not a bit "British." What will there be left for Mr. Macrae to sing in these unfortunate circumstances?

One of the many curious coincidences in connexion with the war is that of the death of Captain Frank Hercules Robinson, the nephew of the well-known High Commissioner, from an accident in the Strand during the rejoicings on "Mafeking night." At the inquest the jury censured the authorities at Charing Cross Hospital for dismissing their patient, and handing him over to the police; his comatose state being ascribed to alcoholic poisoning. Fracture of the base of the skull, the real cause of it, was only discovered subsequently. We do not see the relevancy of the medical explanation that the coma in the two cases is difficult to distinguish. The fact that Captain Robinson had been knocked down by an omnibus ought to have been decisive in settling any doubt. Mistakes like this are constantly being made, and wherever people are found in a comatose condition the rule ought to be invariable that they shall be treated as victims of misfortune and not of drink, until a sufficient time has elapsed to prove the contrary.

During the week an uneasy tendency has been apparent in all markets on the Stock Exchange. The occupation of Pretoria following on the news that the mines are intact was generally expected to produce an upward movement, but events in China have upset the shrewdest forecasts. Interest in the war has been supplanted by interest in the political situation in the Far East. In a word it is the Boxers not the Boers who are responsible for weak markets. Chinese securities are down, the 7 per cent. Silver $1\frac{1}{2}$ at $97\frac{1}{2}$, the 5 per cent. Gold $1\frac{3}{4}$ at $95\frac{3}{4}$, the $4\frac{1}{2}$ Gold 1 at $80\frac{1}{2}$, the Railway Loan 2 at 80. Japan securities have followed suit, the 5 per cent. bonds being $1\frac{1}{2}$ lower at $99\frac{1}{2}$, the 4 per cent. sterling show a similar decline at $80\frac{1}{2}$. South African shares are steady at a generally lower level. Some large sales during the earlier part of the week have been quietly absorbed. Rand Mines at $40\frac{3}{4}$ indicates no lack of confidence in the future. A fall of thirty shillings in copper during the past few days has helped still further to depress the price of Rio Tintos which has fallen to 51. American rails continue to be out of favour and with the exception of a sharp rise in Baltimore Common from 79 to $84\frac{1}{2}$, only to be followed by a reaction to $81\frac{3}{4}$, fluctuations on the week need no comment. Gilt-edged securities are hardly likely to improve pending the new issue of stock by the London County Council, which however may be shortly expected, as at the request of the Finance Committee the chairman has summoned a special meeting of the Council for Tuesday next—doubtless in reference to this issue. Consols are quoted x.d. and in addition are $\frac{1}{4}$ lower at $101\frac{1}{2}$.

ASTRÆA VICTRIX.

ENGLAND, elect of time,
By freedom sealed sublime,
And constant as the sun that saw thy dawn
Outshine upon the sea
His own in heaven, to be
A light that night nor day should see withdrawn,
If song may speak not now thy praise,
Fame writes it higher than song may soar or faith
may gaze.

Dark months on months beheld
Hope thwarted, crossed, and quelled,
And heard the heartless hounds of hatred bay
Aloud against thee, glad
As now their souls are sad
Who see their hope in hatred pass away
And wither into shame and fear
And shudder down to darkness, loth to see or hear.

Nought now they hear or see
That speaks or shows not thee
Triumphant; not as empires reared of yore,
The imperial commonweal
That bears thy sovereign seal
And signs thine orient as thy natural shore
Free, as no sons but thine may stand,
Steers lifeward ever, guided of thy pilot hand.

Fear, masked and veiled by fraud,
Found shameful time to applaud
Shame, and bow down thy banner towards the
dust,
And call on godly shame
To desecrate thy name
And bid false penitence abjure thy trust:
Till England's heart took thought at last,
And felt her future kindle from her fiery past.

Then sprang the sunbright fire
High as the sun, and higher
Than strange men's eyes might watch it undis-
mayed:
But winds athwart it blew
Storm, and the twilight grew
Darkness awhile, an unending shade:
And all base birds and beasts of night
Saw no more England now to fear, no loathsome
light.

All knaves and slaves at heart
Who, knowing thee what thou art,
Abhor thee, seeing what none save here may see,
Strong freedom, taintless truth,
Supreme in ageless youth,
Howled all their hate and hope aloud at thee
While yet the wavering wind of strife
Bore hard against her sail whose freight is hope and
life.

And now the quickening tide
That brings back power and pride
To faith and love whose ensign is thy name
Bears down the recreant lie
That doomed thy name to die,
Sons, friends, and foes behold thy star the same
As when it stood in heaven a sun
And Europe saw no glory left her sky save one.

And now, as then she saw,
She sees with shamefast awe
How all unlike all slaves and tyrants born
Where bondmen champ the bit
And anarchs foam and flit,
And day mocks day, and year puts year to scorn,
Our mother bore us, English men,
Ashamed of shame and strong in mercy, now as then.

We loosed not on these knaves
Their scourge-tormented slaves:
We held the hand that fain had risen to smite
The torturer fast, and made
Justice awhile afraid,
And righteousness forego her ruthless right:
We warred not even with these as they;
We bade not them they preyed on make of them
their prey.

All murderous fraud that lurks
In hearts where hell's craft works
Fought, crawled, and slew in darkness: they
that died
Dreamed not of foes too base
For scorn to grant them grace:
Men wounded, women, children at their side,
Had found what faith in fiends may live:
And yet we gave not back what righteous doom
would give.

No false white flag that fawns
On faith till murder dawns
Blood-red from hell-black treason's heart of hate
Left ever shame's foul brand
Seared on an English hand:
And yet our pride vouchsafes them grace too
great
For other pride to dream of: scorn
Strikes retribution silent as the stars at morn.

And now the living breath
Whose life puts death to death,
Freedom, whose name is England, stirs and
thrills
The burning darkness through
Whence fraud and slavery grew,
We scarce may mourn our dead whose fame
fulfils
The record where her foes have read
That earth shall see none like her born ere earth be
dead.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN SETTLEMENT.

A PART from the question of how the cost of the war is to be distributed, with which we deal in another article, the broad lines of the settlement of our new provinces seem to be agreed upon by most parties, if they are not dictated by the force of events. Military occupation, crown colony, and in due time responsible self-government, those are the necessary stages through which all conquered colonies must pass, with variations suited to the peculiarities of each case. We assume as a starting point that the formal annexation of the Transvaal by proclamation will follow that of the Orange River State, though in fact the hoisting of the British flag over the government buildings in Pretoria is as good as a declaration of possession. How long the military government will last, must, of course, depend upon the conduct of the Boers: but it may be hoped that it will be possible to inaugurate the twentieth century by the granting of a British constitution to the Transvaal and Orange River States. The qualities which make a man a good soldier are apt to render him a dangerous administrator, and had the Boers been more sympathetically handled after 1877 there might have been no independence in 1881. We must therefore all of us hope that by 1 January, 1901 the state of the country will be sufficiently settled to make it possible to start the Transvaal and the Orange River States as crown colonies. The case of the Orange River State need not detain our attention. Though the climate may make Bloemfontein a health resort, there will be no rush of immigrants, and the population will remain as now, one of Dutch farmers, living far away from one another, and easily ruled by a governor with a small executive council and a small legislative council, after the ordinary crown colony pattern.

The case of the Transvaal presents difficulties such as we have not faced before, except perhaps in Canada. We have often been confronted by the task of ruling black races, and by the admission of all have on the whole succeeded, as the cases of India, Egypt and Ceylon testify. But here we have to govern two white races (who do not love one another the more because they are at different stages of civilisation), surrounded by a huge Kaffir fringe. The first fact to be grasped is that the war has shifted the centre of South African gravity from Cape Town to Pretoria. Cape Town will always retain a certain amount of business as a landing-place for passengers and goods, but it will become more and more a town of transit, and will relapse, after the war-fever is over, into its former somnolent beatitude. The political and commercial centre of South Africa will henceforth be the Transvaal: and there consequently must be the ruler of South Africa. It will probably be necessary to relieve Sir Alfred Milner of his duties as Governor of Cape Colony, and appoint in his place some conciliatory official, who will be under the orders of the High Commissioner. Sir Alfred Milner should transfer his residence to Pretoria, where he might combine the offices of High Commissioner of South Africa and Governor of the Transvaal. If there be any constitutional or sentimental objections to the separation of the office of Governor of Cape Colony from that of High Commissioner, Sir Alfred Milner must appoint a deputy for Cape Town: the important thing is that he should concentrate his mind upon the government of the Transvaal, and that by the translocation of residence he should proclaim to South Africa that the centre of the future confederation will be, as it always ought to be, the capital of wealth and population. By what precise form of autocratic constitution Sir Alfred Milner is to be enabled to build up a future state it is not so easy to determine. The government of India, with its Governor-General's Council, its Presidencies, its Lieutenant-Governors, its Chief Commissioners, and its Residents, is on far too large and complicated a scale to serve us as a model. But the Ceylon type of crown colony is a good one, and has succeeded in reconciling the interests and satisfying the wishes of British planters and native races. The government of Ceylon is administered by a Governor, aided by an Executive Council of five members, and a Legislative Council of eighteen members, including the Governor and Executive Council. The

twelve unofficial members of the Legislative Council are nominated to represent the different interests and races of the island. Sir Alfred Milner, as Governor of the Transvaal, must be assisted by an Executive Council, composed of his Ministers, to be appointed by and responsible to him alone. There might be a small Legislative Council, of which the Governor and his executive must be a majority, and the unofficial members might be nominated, some by the Chamber of Mines, some by the Dutch farmers, and some by the other commercial interests.

Such a type of absolute government might safely be accompanied by some form of municipal autonomy for Johannesburg. We are not sure whether, for some years at all events, the inhabitants of Johannesburg might not prefer the benevolent despotism of Sir Alfred Milner to any other kind of government, and we can see difficulties in the way of placing the police under the control of a new and popularly elected town council. But, as in London, the police might be placed under the control of the Imperial authority, and the mayor and council might find enough to do in the drainage, paving, and lighting of Johannesburg, which according to all accounts leave much to be desired. Licences for the sale of liquor will, of course, be the subject of special legislation, and will probably remain in the hands of the Imperial executive. Should it be decided to give Johannesburg, according to Mr. Chamberlain's original idea, municipal independence, it would never do to leave the mining industry entirely at the mercy of the new council, or the shopkeepers would pay for all urban improvements out of the pockets of shareholders. The mining industry should be kept, in a sense, separate, and allowed to organise a form of interior economy for itself, which could be perfectly well done by the Chamber of Mines. That some such form of government will be necessary for the Transvaal before it takes its place amongst our self-governing colonies is evident. How long this period of absolute rule may be necessary must again depend upon events. Though it may seem an ungracious thing to say at this moment, most of us would admit privately that many of our colonies were given responsible government too early in their career. Our young colonial soldiers are splendid fellows, physically and morally. But we rather fancy that the average Englishman would be scandalised by too close an acquaintance with colonial politics. We trust and believe that federation will cure some of the grosser evils of the colonial parliaments: but their early history is better passed over. We need not repeat our favourite mistake of giving people power before they are fit for it in the Transvaal, where we have a clean slate. Opinions will certainly differ as to the psychological moment for granting independence to our new provinces. The date will be decided, not by the merits of the question, but by the position of political parties in Great Britain. Of one thing we are sure: that the man to preside over the evolution of what is destined to be one of the most important States in the Empire is Sir Alfred Milner, and we are almost ashamed to notice the base attempts that have been made in certain quarters to rob him of the crown of his most distinguished official career.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

LORD ROBERTS still continues his uninterrupted course of success. The work he has hitherto achieved undoubtedly stamps him as a General of the highest order, and one who is endowed with that combination of dash and caution which is the leading characteristic of all great commanders. His advance into the Transvaal was by no means free from risks. The right flank of his lines of communication was left considerably exposed. Indeed even yet he may have difficulties owing to their immense length in the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal. But to achieve success in war a commander must run risks. On the other hand it is a remarkable commentary on the feebleness of Boer strategy that, having wasted their energies on futile objects in the earlier stages of the campaign, they should have been unable to offer any serious resistance, at a time when our advance

should have been attended by formidable difficulties. Further accounts since Lord Roberts' entry into Johannesburg on 1 June show that the actual occupation of the town passed off quietly, owing mainly to the good arrangements made by the Boer commandant. Johannesburg itself was comparatively empty, and the British troops were received with cordiality. Similar manifestations, however, have hitherto counted for little. Only three guns had been left in the forts—two 65 mm. Krupps and one Woolwich howitzer made in 1879—but some hundred prisoners were taken. After the ceremonial entry, the 7th and 11th Divisions, the Naval Brigade, the heavy artillery, and two brigade divisions R.F.A. marched past the Commander-in-Chief, while the cavalry and mounted infantry occupied the district on the north.

Early on the morning of the 4th the general advance was resumed; and when Six-mile Spruit—some five miles south of Pretoria—was reached, both banks were found in the occupation of the enemy, who were quickly dislodged from their positions by the mounted infantry and Yeomanry, and were subsequently pursued for nearly a mile. The pursuit was then checked by a heavy artillery fire from a well-concealed and dominating position. Thereupon our heavy guns, which had been marching near the head of the column, were pushed forward to the assistance of the mounted infantry—at least they came up as rapidly as the oxen and mules could draw them over the rolling downs which surround Pretoria. They were moreover supported by one of General Pole-Carew's brigades. After a few shots had been fired the Boers once more retreated, and thereupon turned their attention to our left flank, but there they were easily foiled by the Yeomanry and mounted infantry. Nevertheless they still pressed on our left rear, and to prevent this Lord Roberts ordered General Ian Hamilton—who was away some three miles to the left—to incline inwards and thus to fill the gap. This movement had the effect of driving the whole Boer force back on to Pretoria. Darkness then began to set in, and further pursuit had perforce to be abandoned, and the troops bivouacked where they stood. The Guards were then quite close to the most southerly of the five forts by which Pretoria was to be defended, and within four miles of the town itself. Similarly the north side was occupied by the cavalry and mounted infantry, while Generals Broadwood and Gordon were on the east and west respectively. Lord Roberts then despatched an officer to demand in his name the surrender of the capital. Shortly before midnight two Boer officials appeared at headquarters who bore a letter from General Botha proposing an armistice to settle terms. The answer was short and to the point. Unconditional surrender without discussion, and a reply by daybreak. In that reply General Botha stated that Pretoria would not be defended. Lord Roberts accordingly made his official entry without further fighting at 2 P.M. on 5 June. The Boer troops in the meantime had slipped away with their guns before the approach of our army, and once more the number of prisoners was exceedingly small. Little information has reached us concerning the 4,000 British prisoners, beyond the statement that on the 5th the majority were at Waterval, and that over 100 officers were then in Pretoria.

Meanwhile Boer commandoes still exist in the east and west of the Transvaal. Mr. Kruger has presumably joined the former in the neighbourhood of Lydenburg. More difficult perhaps than crushing these will be the task of maintaining intact the long lines of communications, which run through hostile territory for nearly 450 miles. The enormous numbers required to guard these compared with the men Lord Roberts actually took with him on his march well shows their extent. As to General Rundle. Apparently—to judge from the number of his casualties—he fought a severe action at Senekal on the 29th. The heavy losses of the 2nd Grenadiers seem to have been mainly due to a fire on the veldt which unfortunately had the effect of showing up the men clearly to the Boers. The latter, who were occupying a kopje of broken rocks, were in considerable force, and during the afternoon were largely reinforced. Their fire was also especially accurate. This engagement was originally said to have drawn off the Boers

from Lindley, where a force of Imperial Yeomanry was surrounded. Unfortunately this did not prove to be the case, for on the 31st the 13th Battalion of that force was obliged to surrender before a superior body of Boers. On hearing that an attack on these was being made, Lord Roberts ordered Lord Methuen—who was then one march north-east of Kroonstad—to hasten to their assistance. This he at once proceeded to do, and in twenty-five hours he covered forty-five miles. But unfortunately he was too late to render any assistance, but he succeeded—according to his despatch—in routing a force of 2,000 Boers in a running fight of five hours' duration. General Rundle and General Brabant are now stated to be at Hammonia near Ficksburg. Meanwhile General Colville reports the arrival of the Highland Brigade at Heilbron. As regards the disposition of the other troops in the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony, the force under General Hunter is approaching Potchefstroom; one brigade of the 6th Division at Bloemfontein has gone to Senekal, and the 3rd Division is now at Kroonstad. There are therefore plenty of troops to deal with the commandoes in the east of the Orange River Colony, and, considering that our forces now practically cut off the retreat of the Boers westwards and northwards, the latter should eventually fall into our hands, since no means of escape appears open to them except Basutoland. From the West comes the news that a small force under Sir Charles Warren narrowly escaped a disaster near Douglas. A large body of the enemy appear to have advanced unseen in the dark, when a sudden and unexpected attack was at once made. In Natal things remain in statu. It is certainly difficult to explain Sir Redvers Buller's inactivity, in view of the forces at his disposal—three infantry divisions as well as cavalry and mounted infantry—which largely outnumber the Boers in front of him.

THE CHINESE IMBROGLIO.

IT has long been held by competent observers that the greatest danger to the integrity of China lay much less in the risk of wilful aggression than in the outbreak of disturbances that might provoke foreign intervention. The great European Powers chiefly interested in the Far East were far from anxious to precipitate a crisis. Having, by means of industrial concessions from China and more or less consistent agreements between themselves, marked off certain spheres within which they designed that their interests should preponderate, they were content to wait and let China work out her own salvation if she could. There seemed a chance, two years ago, that this might happen. Whatever may have been the strength or weakness of his personal character, whatever the extent of his personal knowledge or ignorance, the Emperor was in favour of reform and had surrounded himself by reforming advisers. In the words of the acknowledged chief of the reformers, Kang Yu-wei, "he correctly diagnosed the country's sickness and began to apply the only remedy." During the five months from May to September 1898, edicts were issued establishing colleges "that his people might be instructed in Western knowledge," ordering the substitution of modern for ancient military methods, changing the system of examination by substituting science for the old literary essays in "style," forming a Board of Agriculture, encouraging newspapers, in favour of railroads and mining, in favour of Chambers of Commerce, ordering the publication of Revenue returns, abolishing useless offices and sinecures, and inviting from high and low suggestions for the general welfare. Then came, as might have been expected, an outburst of alarm and reaction. Such matters are settled in England by a dissolution of Parliament and, possibly, a change of Ministry. They are settled in Oriental countries by intrigue, violence, and coups d'état. Ambition, self-interest and apprehensions for her personal safety combined to place the Empress Dowager on the side of reaction. Things had reached a point, in September, when one or other of the two opposing parties had to be crushed. The Reformers schemed to arrest and confine the Empress. But her

experience and decision of character gave her an advantage which she utilised to supersede the Emperor; and she has been ruling practically in his name ever since. A change of Ministry was effected by executions of Reform Leaders at Peking and degradations and dismissals among the great Provincial officials. The Emperor's reforming decrees were reversed, and an anti-foreign as well as an anti-reform policy was inaugurated which has led up gradually to the present crisis.

Grouping foreigners and Reformers in the same category, the Empress and her advisers adopted an attitude hostile equally to both. Great numbers of soldiers were gathered round the capital, under the control of reactionary commanders, and tacit encouragement was given to societies like the Boxers who might be "set at" the objects of hatred like a dog at a cat. People of the calibre of the Empress and her advisers are prone to set in motion forces which they cannot control. There are some who affirm that she has herself been swept back farther than she intended by the reactionary wave; and it was far, doubtless, from her thought that the Boxers might precipitate a crisis in which not only her position but the safety of the dynasty and the empire would be at stake. It is the unforeseen, however, that has happened. From persecuting converts, they have passed on to murdering missionaries, and from pillaging chapels to burning stations and pulling up rails. The natural consequence has been to aggravate the pressure which they were intended to repel. For the second time since her usurpation, the Empress has had to suffer the humiliation of seeing foreign troops brought up to guard the Legations, nor can she feel any confidence that their action will be so limited. Rumours of commotion in the Palace, in these circumstances, may be accepted with even less than the usual grain. For there are extremists and moderates even among the reactionaries; and men like Yung Lu, who greatly assisted the Empress with his military influence but is reputed to have stood since for moderation, may well find much to say to those who, like Kang Yi, persuaded her to execute six of the leading Reformers without trial and has been regarded, since, as the protagonist of persecution. The delight of recrimination is perennial, and the opportunity, just now, at Peking, is unique.

It is no new thing for China to find itself in the throes of a crisis. Many dynasties have risen and fallen, and many social questions have been raised and settled during the centuries that its history has outlasted. Left to themselves the Chinese would emerge from this crisis as from others. But will they be so left? We have said that there is no present desire on the part of the most ambitious to precipitate eventualities that it would still be convenient to treat as remote. The situation is one, however, in which ambitions tend to become acute and the hands even of cautious statesmen may be forced. Kang Yu-wei and his friends have consistently affirmed that the Empress stands for Russia and relies on a more or less direct promise that Russia will uphold the dynasty. Their avowal may find support in the rumour which reaches us from Peking that Russia has proposed to intervene, now, for the restoration of order in Pechili. There might be an element of humour in the spectacle of such action against—not reformers or foreign aggressors but against the Empress' own protégés. Other interests and other susceptibilities than those of the Empress and her entourage are however concerned. The Japanese for instance feel uncertain how far such action might extend. Nothing differentiates Chinese from Japanese statesmen so markedly as the capacity of the one and the incapacity of the other to gauge and adapt themselves to the changed conditions brought about by foreign intercourse. The same shortsightedness which has led the Empress and her advisers to encourage the Boxers to persecute missionaries and their converts, without foresight of the dangers entailed, might lead them to accept Russian intervention as a device of the moment, without regard to consequences which Japanese statesmen clearly apprehend. It was predicated at the time that Japan had, in attacking China, set in motion forces which she would soon be unable to control; that a Far Eastern question had been super-

added to the near Eastern Question, and that a new field for the conflicting ambitions of Western nations had been opened up. But if she was ill advised in precipitating the crisis, she has prepared with feverish eagerness to take a hand in the solution. Certain eventualities come, curiously enough, to be accepted as axiomatic. Conflict between Russia and Great Britain on the frontiers of India is by many so regarded. Conflict between Russia and Japan in North-Eastern Asia appears to be more imminent still. Korea may be the crux of the situation. But Japanese statesmen would regard probably with scarcely less anxiety an extension of Russian influence beyond the Great Wall over Pechili. Nor, certainly, would they stand alone. Germany's avowed sphere of influence is the adjacent province of Shantung with a more or less clearly defined hinterland stretching back up the course of the Yellow River towards Honan. The commercial interests of Great Britain and the United States in North China are very great; and neither could view with indifference any increase of the great influence which Russia has already acquired at Peking. We may smile at the suggestion that French troops should be sent up the Yangtze to Hankow. Strong protest was made in well-informed quarters, against the apathy which allowed a line penetrating the heart of the Yangtze Valley to pass into other than British hands. We have not probably yet seen the end of that blunder; but the Boxers are not yet demonstrating in Hupeh and a French occupation of the Hankow terminus would scarcely be endured.

THE TRANSVAAL MINING INDUSTRY.

THE longed-for hour has come, and after five years of alarms and disappointments Johannesburg has passed into the possession of a first-rate Power without a shaft or a cylinder being injured. Yet so unreasonable is humanity, particularly stock-jobbing humanity, that no sooner have we got rid of the bogey of the Boer oligarchy than we are told to gaze upon another bogey, that, namely, of the future taxation of the mines by the British Government. Until the other day we were always informed that what made gold-mining in the Transvaal risky was the corruption and misgovernment of Mr. Kruger, coupled with the haunting fear of war. Having got rid of both these causes of anxiety, it is childish to speak as if the position of the mining industry was not enormously improved. Be it remembered that the mine-owners did not so much complain of the amount of their taxation, though like other human beings they would have preferred to see it less. Their grievance was that they got nothing in return for their taxes, which were spent in secretly buying guns, or went into the pockets of dishonest and incompetent Boers. During the last year of its existence, in 1899, the Boer Government took from the mining industry, in round figures, some £4,000,000 by taxation. Of this sum quite £1,500,000 was wasted in corruption and ammunition, while the dynamite monopoly stood for another £500,000. It is perfectly true that the mining industry paid these taxes, and very large dividends into the bargain. Even if we assume that its proportion of the cost of the war and the new administration will necessitate a continuance of the same amount of taxation—and it is inconceivable that the British Government should make the mines pay more than the Boer Government—how much better off will the mining industry be when in return for its taxes it gets an honest and competent rule, an efficient police, a safe and continuous supply of native labour, sanitation, education, and a regulated sale of liquor! But we hardly see how the new taxation can be as much as the old. The cost of the war has been put at £60,000,000, and as the estimate was for the end of September, there ought to be a margin over for compensation claims. It would, in our judgment, be impossible to ask the Transvaal to pay more than £30,000,000. The only ground on which it would be justifiable to ask the Transvaal for more than half the cost is that the war was undertaken for the sake of the mines, which our Ministers and their supporters in

the press and Parliament have strenuously denied. If it really was a capitalists' war, by all means throw two-thirds or three-fourths of the cost upon the capitalists, though we may remark in passing that the payers would be, not the "helots of Park Lane," but the shareholders. Let the companies pay, if it be true, as the enemies of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Rhodes assert, that the British troops have been sent across the sea to fight the battles of the companies. But if it be the fact, as all Imperialists maintain, that it was a question whether we or the Dutch were to rule South Africa, and that in suppressing the Orange and Transvaal Republics we have been in reality reconquering our South African Empire, then it would be inequitable to throw more than half the cost of the business upon the Transvaal mines. The interest on £30,000,000 at 3½ per cent., which allows ½ per cent. for sinking fund, would be £975,000, as a first charge on the revenues of the new Transvaal colony. We think it very likely that the cost of administration, for the first five years, at all events, whilst there are military in the country, will not be less than £2,000,000 per annum. Then there is the expropriation of the Netherlands Railway Company, which it will be absolutely necessary for the British Government to undertake. There is a scale of expropriation provided in the concession, which is the repayment of the loans or debentures and twenty years' purchase of the average profits for the three previous years, plus 1 per cent. on the share capital for every unexpired year of the concession, which has fifteen years to run. We need not trouble our readers with the sum in arithmetic, but the total cost of expropriation, including a Reserve Fund of £500,000, works out at close on £11,000,000, the interest on which at 3 per cent. (the money might be raised at ½ per cent. more or less) is £363,000. If we add these items, the interest on proportion of war loan, the cost of government, and the interest on railway loan, the annual taxation of the new colony should be, roughly speaking, £3,338,000, to which another £125,000 must probably be added for the existing Transvaal Fives, known as the Rothschild loan, which will possibly be converted. Against this has to be set the large receipts from the Netherlands Railway, which last year amounted to £669,000, and this would be increased as soon as the railway was in our hands.

A wise Government widens the basis of taxation, reducing as much as possible the taxes on the raw material of its staple industry. There can be no doubt that the new régime will endeavour to cheapen the cost of whatever is necessary for the business of gold-mining, i.e. machinery, dynamite, &c., while it will try to raise fresh revenue by taxing the luxuries of a money-making population. The influx of new settlers and the establishment of new industries will in time relieve the mining companies, though perhaps not to a large extent, of the burthen of taxation. We do not see how that burthen can amount to more than about £3,000,000 a year when allowance is made for new sources of revenue, which is nearly 25 per cent. less than before, while the advantages to be gained are too obvious to require enumeration. Most of the mines that were crushing are ready to resume work as soon as they can get their supply of labour. Little or no injury has been done to the machinery, pumping out the water is soon accomplished, and it ought not to take more than six weeks or two months to get the Kaffirs from Inhambane, Basutoland, the northern parts of the Transvaal, and the Protectorate. It is often said that the "boys" will not dare to return as long as there are any armed Boers about, and that therefore it is futile to talk of resuming work at the mines until peace is formally declared. But that is not the case, for labour-contractors can escort their Kaffirs from these districts, and they will come willingly enough when they know that regular wages are to be earned. It may not be superfluous to point out to the general reader that the process of gold-mining on the Witwatersrand is, if freed from political anxiety, as steady and solid an industry as coal-mining in Staffordshire or Durham. Some of the mines turn out richer ore than others, and one of the many advantages of a fair system of taxation is that the poorer mines will be able to work at a profit. But all

the estimates of the life of the mines have been exceeded by the results, and it is now practically certain that the Rand industry will flourish for another fifty years. What prospectors may find in the northern parts of the Transvaal, such as Waterburg or Rustenburg, or how the quartz mines in the Lydenburg district may do, it is no use conjecturing. The point is that the Transvaal mining industry, as far as the Rand is concerned, has emerged from the region of promoters and speculators into the position of one of the leading producers of the world. Our calculations are based upon the assumption that a reasonable and equitable attitude is adopted by the Mother Country, and that the new colony is not started upon its career with a millstone of debt round its neck.

FLOREAT ETONA.*

ANOTHER fourth of June has just gone by, and the appearance of another edition of Mr. Stapylton's School Lists recalls once again to old Etonians the true proportions of life. Here boyhood and youth are not, as in commonplace biography, treated as a first chapter in existence, but as a substantial moiety thereof. There is no attempt to sustain the paradox that statesmanship, jurisprudence, arms, science compose the only important object of human effort: the dignity of youth is not asserted, it imposes itself in these pages and obtains not the introductory chapter but a solid half of the history. We turn at random to some well-known Etonian names and find, say,

Warre, Edmond. Head Master of Eton. Newc. Sch. 1854; Balliol, 1st cl. classics; F. of All Souls', Hon. Fellow of Balliol; Oxford VIII.

and

Thesiger, Hon. Alfred Henry. Lord Justice of Appeal; Ch. Ch. Oxford; son of Lord Chelmsford; cox. Eton VIII. 1855. d. 1880.

and again

Lyttelton, Charles George. Viscount Cobham; a Railway Commr. Trin. Camb., 1st cl. Law, 2nd classics; Capt. Eton XI; Camb. XI. 1861-4.

To no one in the whole work are more than three lines of biography dedicated. Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour, and we have no doubt Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury in former editions, have to be contented with the same space as the most obscure of their followers: an Etonian may win a great campaign, or discover a new gas, but Lord Roberts and Lord Burleigh are treated with the same rigour of condensation as their fags or their fagmasters. Here is the true Etonian democracy. President of Pop, Captain of the Boats, Newcastle Scholar. Here are titles beside which rank a Secretary of State, a Judge of the High Court, a Field-Marshal, an Admiral and all the solemn plausibilities of the world. Who, at the age of 70, can look back on a life combining success in boyhood with success in mature years, and feel any certainty that the riper ambitions have produced equal satisfaction? One merit is possessed, however, by the latter, they produce sufficient incomes to enable a man to fulfil the highest paternal obligation—to send his sons to Eton. And sufficient incomes are unhappily necessary. The misfortune, not the fault, of Eton is that the school has that glamour which attracts rich men, and as there are many rich men against whom, as the police say, "nothing is known," there are many boys at Eton who live in the holidays and look forward, when they have left Eton, to living permanently in an atmosphere in which the idea of a restricted income is entirely unknown. The school charges in themselves are far from high, but the authorities can do but little to mitigate the environment of wealth. So let a parent whose son is at Eton gird himself to the task of allowing him, when he comes out into the world, at least £300 per annum, unless he can feel sure that his son is equal to the strain of ordering his life by different pecuniary standards than those by which his boyhood has been regulated.

It is strongly asserted by Mr. Arthur Benson in his charming work "Fasti Etonenses," that Eton boys work, if anything, too hard, and this may be quite true of a large number of boys, for it is an educational truism that in a school like Eton where liberty is a tradition not to be broken, the authorities cannot make the standard of examinations higher than the ordinary boy with industry can pass. Those who are extraordinary in stupidity are crushed out in the struggle for existence. The average youth is kept hard at work. But the unusually intelligent, so far as school regulations are concerned, have necessarily a magnificent time. Some reforms are due when the next head master succeeds Dr. Warre, who for many years has commanded the respect and affection of Etonians. For like the Porte, Eton yields reforms only to a new Ambassador. We might hope—but in these days the idea is almost Quixotic—for a stiffer assertion of the needs of the intellect over those of the body than prevails at Eton or indeed any great public school. But the vast nervous strain of political and professional life has made some thoughtful parents doubt whether the athletic ideals of public schools are not evolved, in part at any rate, out of the necessities of the age demanding that the young shall not be too soon absorbed in the intellectual conflicts in which after-life is consumed. And it is certain that the schoolmasters will never effect much in the direction of a higher standard of industry, while athletic sports hold the pre-eminent position in the estimation of public and parents which they at present occupy. If games are to be played, by all means let them be played in the spirit in which they are played at Eton. Much education is to be gained from their organization and management, and many qualities valuable in after-life are matured by spirited, energetic and disciplined conduct of them. Games so conducted breed captains—and the expanding empire has demand for an ample supply.

There is no monitorial system at Eton, but the influential boys take a very real part in the government of their houses. One famous house, for many years ruled by a lady beloved and respected by generations of boys, has furnished an admirable object-lesson of the extraordinary efficacy which can be obtained by cordial combination of the boy captain with the official superior. It is said that in all except the oldest public schools this faculty of self-government is difficult to create and maintain. It is the central feature of an Etonian education, and infinitely the most valuable results which are gathered from the great school are to be traced to it. A glance at the class lists at the Universities shows that Etonians are well to the front in honours—but their characteristic, which they possess above others, is that they come to the top even when they are not intellectually supreme. Brain power, unaccompanied by other qualities, does not dominate the world. Lord Rosebery, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Mr. John Morley, and Lord Curzon did not get a "first" at the University.

Numbers, wealth, and connexions may all be discounted, yet there will remain a surprising number of Etonians in commanding positions. Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour, Lords Rosebery and Kimberley, Lord Roberts and Sir Redvers Buller, Lords Curzon, Minto, and almost all the other governors of Colonies, a large number of Cabinet Ministers, together with two of the most promising outside that body, Mr. Brodrick and Mr. George Wyndham, Sir G. Kekewich of the Education Office, Sir T. Saunderson, the Hon. F. Bertie of the Foreign Office, Sir E. Hamilton of the Treasury, Mr. Ruggies-Brise, Chief Commissioner of Prisons, Mr. Dickinson, Chairman of L.C.C., occur readily to the mind, but hundreds of others might be enumerated. The law is less well represented. The late Lord Herschell delivered a lecture at Eton and called it "An Eton Chancellor." But the profane remarked that "The Eton Chancellor" would have been, if less polite, more candid, as Lord Camden is the solitary occupant of the woolsack whom Eton can claim. "The ladye Common Law must lie alone," said Francis North, but Etonians dislike intellectual austerity, and at twenty-five generally decline this chaste but somewhat unattractive bride. No more conspicuous instance, however, could be chosen of the

* "Fasti Etonenses." By A. C. Benson. Eton: Drake. 1900. 21s. net.

"Eton School Lists, 1853-1892." By H. E. C. Stapylton. Eton: Drake. 1900. 21s. net.

Etonian faculty of rising to the top of a profession, whose severer learning he always despised, than the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge.

On the whole we do not quarrel with Mr. Benson's eloquent summary of Eton as it is. "In the face of much change, the essential spirit of the place is somehow the same; the spirit of reasonable liberty is paramount. The boys are largely trusted to govern themselves, and they respond with generosity to the confidence reposed in them. Generation after generation goes away from Eton, believing in, venerating and loving their ancient school, with a sentiment often more like the sentiment of a lover than of a child. Moreover, Etonians think of Eton, not only as a place of idyllic happiness, with the outlines softened by the golden glow of remembered boyhood, but as a place where they sowed the seeds of reverence and control, and learnt, not only out of books, lessons which will stand them in good stead in larger fields, among more arduous duties, and in less untroubled hours."

WAR AND THE HUMAN CHARACTER.

EVEN those of us who are most convinced that, within any calculable time, the abolition of war and armies is altogether impracticable, must sympathise with many of the feelings, though they do not endorse the judgments, of the enthusiasts who think otherwise. It may indeed be reasonably contended that the apostles of universal peace have an object in view which not only cannot be realised, but would, if realised, be on the whole undesirable. It may be reasonably contended that to remove war from the list of possibilities, would entail on the human race far more serious evils than are caused by its occasional occurrence. This is the view that has been deliberately and conscientiously arrived at by thinkers as different in their pursuits, their ideals and their temperaments, as Moltke and Mr. Ruskin. The former maintained that war was so healthy a discipline for a nation, that occasional wars would be desirable, even if there were nothing to fight about. Mr. Ruskin maintained that in the school of war alone could many of the noblest qualities of the human race develop themselves. But even if we accept this view of the case as true, we must nevertheless admit that, though war may be salutary in its more general results on mankind, quite apart from the national disputes decided by it, yet it is in itself, and in its proximate results, an evil. It necessarily interferes with the more obvious processes of civilisation; and the widespread sorrow, the deaths, and the physical sufferings entailed by it, are at once so apparent and so inevitable, that it is quite superfluous to insist on them.

But even if, for argument's sake, we make all necessary concessions as to these evils, and grant that whatever good results war produces might be produced in some other way, they are of no practical import—there are merely concessions in the air—unless, whilst bemoaning men's habit of settling their disputes by fighting, we can really induce men to settle them by some different means; and the radical weakness in the position of the philosophers of the peace party, lies in the fact that they have very imperfectly considered the difficulties which lie in the way of carrying out their programme. The difficulties to which they have confined their attention, and which they have taxed their ingenuity to obviate, are merely the proximate difficulties—the difficulties that lie on the surface—difficulties connected with the stages by which various nations should reduce their armaments, till war was practically made impossible, or with the means of constructing some satisfactory court of arbitration, of giving effect to its decisions, and of thus rendering—as they all assume they would render—the arbitrament of war obsolete, by providing an efficient substitute. They leave out of sight altogether one most pertinent question—the question whether, even if any alternative to war could be devised, the human race as a whole would not prefer war. The philosophers of peace apparently start with the assumption that those actually engaged in war always enter upon it with reluctance—that they are driven to the battlefield the unwilling

victims of circumstance; that the non-combatants who urge that a war should be prosecuted are inspired only by that second-hand kind of courage which is derived from the fact that they are free from danger themselves; whilst the fundamental sentiments of genuine human nature—the sentiments of the soldiers no less than of the civilians—are represented by those of the latter who, though they are in personal safety, wince at the thought of a bullet as convulsively as they would at the sound of it. This assumption, at different times, has expressed itself in various forms. It has consistently expressed itself in the theory of the old-fashioned republicans, that wars have been always the work of kings and nobles—that the people of one country have never had any quarrel, or any will to fight, with the people of another; and that war would naturally decline with the growth of the democratic principle. A shallower view of human nature it is hardly possible to conceive, or one which has been more ignominiously refuted by the hard logic of facts. The people of the United States need only a fitting occasion to show a spirit as belligerent as that of the marshals of Louis XIV. The successful heroism of some great general or admiral wakes a thrill of enthusiasm from New York to San Francisco. Republican France is not less warlike than Imperial France; and Imperial France was more vehemently warlike than its Emperor. Mr. Lecky, indeed, has observed with perfect justice that the greatest menace to peace in the modern world, lies not in the ambition of kings or aristocracies, which is usually sobered by calculation and self-restraint, but in waves of national passions, which sweep through entire peoples, and in which kings and aristocracies may participate, but which do not originate with them. This is the fact—this great fact of human nature—to which the philosophers of peace ought to give their attention: and if they would understand it, they cannot do so more easily than by giving their attention to the following train of reflections.

Let them dwell first on that set of phenomena with which they are most familiar, which appeals most strongly to their imagination, and most painfully stirs their feelings. These are the obvious hardships, pains, and horrors of war—the toilsome marches, the sudden deaths, smarting wounds, the mangled or amputated limbs; and, together with these, the desire normal in man, for ease, comfort, and security; his care, in ordinary circumstances, to protect his person from the slightest scratch or bruise; the tragedy he is apt to make of a sprained ankle; the increasing emphasis with which the workman demands that machinery shall be properly fenced, and that he should, so far as is practicable, be protected against every danger and discomfort that besets his industry. Let our philosophers reflect how impossible it would be to get masons and bricklayers to construct such a work—let us say—as the Thames Embankment, if this could only be done under a shower of falling bricks which would threaten every one of them, with death, and inflict death daily on some of them; or how yet more impossible it would be to induce any ordinary painter to paint a rifle-target, whilst marksmen were sending their bullets at it. And then, having reflected on these well-known facts, let our philosophers turn to another, which may well strike them as paradoxical, but which is equally certain and notorious. This is the fact that whereas men shrink from such dangers as these, and would burn with indignation if they were asked, or were even requested to undergo them, they will with equanimity undertake to face, and will actually face with enthusiasm, hardships and dangers far greater, when they are the hardships and dangers of war. War, in which we may include certain forms of adventure that are akin to it, stands in this respect alone amongst all other human activities. What, then, is this impulse which makes men willing, and even eager, as soldiers, to brave dangers which, in any other capacity, they would strain every muscle to avoid; and to endure hardships, which if encountered in any other occupation, would lead them to denounce it as unfit for a human being? It cannot be a mere accident. Few impulses, amongst the stronger races at all events, are so widely spread, or so

inveterate, or have shown themselves so obstinately persistent from the earliest dawn of history up to the present day. They are the impulses that invest fighting with a certain attractiveness for its own sake, an attractiveness that is independent of any duty to fight, and any advantage to be derived from doing so.

A part of this attractiveness is, no doubt, due to the fact that when once fighting is in progress, those engaged in it are hedged in by alternatives of probable death, or of victory, which absorb the imagination as nothing else can, and keep the faculties stretched to their highest point of tension. But behind the excitement thus generated by the conditions of warfare, there is a deeper—an antecedent impulse, which, instead of being generated by the conditions of warfare, generates them. This is the combative instinct, or we may call it the combatant appetite, which has been ingrained in the nature of all the dominant races, by ages of that ceaseless struggle to which they owe their survival. A Continental paper at the beginning of the present war, sneered at the readiness of the British to enlist without conscription, as a sign that the masses in this country were so oppressed and miserable, that even the life of a soldier seemed preferable to their normal condition. This insinuation, which proved nothing but the natural cowardice of the writer, has been refuted, if refutation was needed, by the fact that our fellow-countrymen who have been cradled in the amplest luxury, have been as eager to leave the manor-house, the club, and the hunting-field, and brave the dangers of bullet and shell and ambush, as the poorest man in the ranks, whose only fortune was his pay, and whose only home was the peasant's cottage and the slum flat. What, then, is the conclusion to be drawn from this striking, this undeniable fact—from this trait which is a trait not of a class, but of human nature? It is a trait, as we have said before, which alone makes war possible. It is a trait which makes equally impossible the complete abolition of war. Nations will never, under all circumstances, consent to settle their disputes by arbitration; because there is another means of settling them for which they have an instinctive preference, and a preference which in certain circumstances is always ready to develop into a passion. If the philosophers of peace think that this instinctive preference can be ignored, or that a few meetings at Exeter Hall will extinguish it, they behave like the rustic of Horace, who waits till the river shall dry up; "but the river rolls on, and will roll, voluble till the end of time."

ROMNEY AT THE GRAFTON GALLERY.

THE art of presenting a painter to advantage has not been successfully practised by those who have arranged the Romney exhibition at the Grafton Gallery. They have rather been influenced by the desire to get together a great quantity of work including many pictures not hitherto shown, sometimes for good reasons. Hence we have, besides some of the best, a great many bad things by Romney, a good many bad things that may be by other people, a few not bad things that must be by other people, and too many of the not bad things that are authentic.

The steadiest of painters' reputations do not burn with an equal flame, but are subject to flaws and chills, and the device of a large indiscriminate assemblage of pictures is the worst for nursing and trimming the fire. Romney's talent is precisely of the kind to suffer from this awkward reverence. The interest of his painting is exhausted on all sides but one by a single good example, because only one element is variable. His hold upon form was generic and superficial; a new face set him no new problem, he merely moved the parts of the mask a little about so that the features by their spacing might approach to a likeness; the constituents of his face are formalised almost like sculpture when it had scraped through the customs of the Roman schools, and then through the octroi of a Gibson. His colour was a process; when successful it looks fairly well by itself, but is found out directly it is hung beside anything better. The reddish ground holds the varying tints together so long as they do not set up

as positive colours; when they do the result is deplorable. At best a Romney leans to pink and brick; at worst shows a cold plummy flesh tint with bright accessory discords. Romney was never a member of the Academy, and it is thought that one of his motives in not joining may have been the fear of hanging beside Sir Joshua. He preferred what he called "the circle of his own domestic gallery." Inferior, then, to his great contemporaries in colour, Romney was no less so in his indifference to enrichment or precious quality in the paint itself. His material is agreeable but never exquisite, so that he lacks another of those elements that sometimes turn the scale of our interest in favour of a picture. To Gainsborough this quality came as part of his instinctive gift, of the magic of his drawing. Reynolds worked for it with all the resourceful wariness of a great general, indeed he pushed beyond the bounds of painter's honesty to get it. What he admires for example, in a richly textured Rembrandt, something that came to Rembrandt as the crown of drawing raised to its highest power, he will attempt to adopt as quality without the modelling that gave it birth, preparing his ground with a mechanical reticulation, to give richness to the pleasant paint above. Romney has nothing of this, so that he makes his charge on the eye with no reinforcements to bring up if his first attack shall have failed. A formalist in drawing, a colourist within a commonish ruddy envelope, with no great range or depth of humanity, he has little variety to carry him through a big exhibition.

The disillusionment of the big collection then is likely to damp the visitor, and after the limitations marked above it may seem that little can remain to uphold Romney's claim to a high place in the English school. But a little patience will reassure us. Even when we have discounted what is common to him with Reynolds and Gainsborough in the portrait-image of the time, the graciousness that was rather their discovery than his, he possesses a positive gift of a fundamental kind, the gift of large unfettered design, his invention of pose. In the exhibition this is obscured to some extent by the monotony with which the fashionable portrait-painter repeated a single attitude. Numbers 34 and 35 are hung together as if to enforce this, and not far away are 17 and 21. These pictures not only in pose but in feature are almost to a touch the same—they are the same idea repeated à propos of different sitters with the least possible allowance for variation in bulk, feature and a few accessories. But the design itself is a large one, the hat, hair, dress, with their big spaces, the gently disposed arms and folded hands are striking and memorable to the eye. The same simplicity and breadth mark the portrait of *Mrs. Lowther* (No. 28) with less of pose, in one sense of the word, and more of surprise. It has already been allowed that this simplicity is gained rather easily by emptiness in the forms, but it is not all negative. It carries with it an aspect of openness and candour; in their abstraction Romney's faces of women often convey the first flash of a beautiful face lit with the shock of eager eyes. But something more ingenious than this general breadth may be studied in No. 49, *Emma, Lady Hamilton*. What an admirable knot of lines! The complete impulse of the simple pose has called on every scrap of form to play up to, echo, and vary the grand leading lines. The horizontal of the dress, for example, that runs out parallel with the frame, and gives a resisting element to the ovals of the hat and body, is repeated across the drapery of the arm, and the line of the hand, so charmingly tucked in under the chin, sweeps on in the kerchief tied round the hat. Knit close with happy life this is great design. An example not of this complex knot work, but of simplicity such as only a mind excited to design would venture, is the seated reading figure No. 116. This is Romney's favourite way of getting his effects, a broad block of form, little divided up by line-work or by shadow. But the "*Emma reading a gazette recording one of Nelson's victories*" (79) is an equally grand plot of shadow. The face and the newspaper are in shade, the light just touches the edge of the latter and runs down the hand and arm. The eyes glow out at the sheet like fires from a cave.

In Emma Lyon the passion of Romney's art found its mistress. Artistic excitement was born with him in the seizing of a beautiful pose, and died when the pose was secured in the most general terms upon his canvas. His sketches and unfinished pictures are therefore better than more laboured pieces, for they represent the vital moment. But the general formalism of his drawing and colour, in professedly finished work, is a fashion of stopping when all that was his business with shape was done. Emma Lyon, a woman with the genius of beauty, of pose, and of impersonation, must have been a heaven to his groping fancy, and painting to Romney, one may well conceive, would mean, once he knew her, to note on canvas after unfinished canvas each new divine disposition of that living statue. We may occupy our pedantic moments by measuring how far this feverish pursuit of the attitudes of an enchantress comes short of the complete art of a painter, in others, when we take the positive gift thankfully, we will rather bless the conjunction of stars that brought the moody painter, with his short breath but real breath of inspiration, and Jeanne d'Arc Cassandra Calypso Magdalen Cecilia Circe Emma Lyon together.

But great as was that model's influence on Romney's art, and inseparable as her name is from his legend, it should be remembered that the discovery came late. Romney was forty-eight when he first painted her. Something would have been gained in the inevitable loss of a big collection if the Grafton Gallery could have been hung to elucidate, by select examples of ascertained date, the ten years of Romney's provincial life as a painter, the ten years spent in London before he went to Italy, and the succeeding ten before he met Emma Lyon. From the copious memoranda shown in the galleries it ought to be possible to establish a good deal of chronology.

Romney's legend is not only that of a painter. The story of his life—the wife and children neglected in Lancashire for the whole period of his successful career, and sought out the moment the enchantments of his art forsook him, the character of the wife herself, an uncomplaining Griselda who took up again the task of nursing her husband after a gap of thirty years (it was as his nurse she first gained his sketch-like affections)—all this has made Romney fair prey for the moralist, and an unusually clean-cut, dramatically complete prey. The "sensitivity" of his friend and biographer Hayley lends an air of fatuity to his conduct unlikely to disarm the judges. "As he had no means of breaking his fetters, which he regarded as inimical to improvement and the display of his genius, he resolved to hide them as much as possible from his troubled fancy" are the delightful words. It is impossible to call off the moralist. The Pilgrim is not allowed to desert wife and children for a Progress in his art. But the considerable body of respectable pilgrims who have, without éclat, evaded Griseldas not legally attached to them, are debarred from throwing stones, and those others who keep Griselda at a greater distance within their doors by a skilful use of temper; still more all who admire the pictures. To forget oneself into another world, and so slip the responsibilities of the old, is commonly thought to be a proceeding characteristic of "the artistic temperament;" the offence is equally characteristic and more conscious in the social climber. The difference is that the artist escapes not for himself only to the other world, and his offence is condoned in the degree that his temptation was impersonal. Romney deserted for a world in which ambition doubtless alloyed the dream of reaching a grand art. Hastily equipped, going in fear and jealousy all his days, the fugitive embarked on a big voyage, and if he came short of port did hear what song the Syrens sing, and snatched some notes of it. Under the obligation of that gift we are in an ill position to bring him up for trial as a husband and father. D. S. M.

"RIP VAN WINKLE."

"*PERSONNE n'est toujours sublime.*" Mr. Beerbohm Tree must not be expected to produce no work but Shakespeare's. He cannot devote perpetually

himself and his theatre to that reverent service. Now and again, being but human, he needs a little rest and recreation. Who shall grudge it him? After his live and lovely productions of "King John" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," who shall deny that he has earned the right to put on "Rip Van Winkle" before he passes to some other play by the Bard?

Not I, at any rate. True, as one who happens to be keen on the progress of British drama, I would rather that Mr. Tree had found diversion in some new and original play by a modern author. Dion Boucicault may have been very good of his kind, very good for the 'sixties; but it seems a pity to bother about keeping his memory green at the expense of playwrights who are working in the 'noughts (if I may so call the present decade). In any case, a revival of Boucicault's version of the "Rip" legend can keep green no memory but that of the simple public, to which erst that version seemed a very beautiful play. From the commercial standpoint, doubtless, Rip is still a name to conjure with. But from the standpoint of art, it is merely a name to punctuate—R.I.P. None, I am sure, knows this better than Mr. Tree himself. Why, then, did he dis-entomb Rip, instead of trotting out some new and vital play? Perhaps you come to the conclusion that he is not, like me, really enthusiastic for the progress of British drama. If so, you are wrong, I think. Mr. Tree's preference is probably due to the fact that Her Majesty's is a very large theatre. It was often suggested against Sir Henry Irving that he neglected modern drama at the Lyceum; but the fact that he produced few modern plays was no proof that he would not have liked to produce many. I suggest, it meant merely that the Lyceum was a very large theatre. Such a theatre as the Lyceum or Her Majesty's requires very large plays—plays, I mean, with broad and sweeping motives, and with plenty of spectacle. Comedy, a thing of little delicate lights and shades, is impossible on the stage of such a theatre. To succeed there, plays must be tragedies, romances, or melodramas. Unfortunately, the best of our modern playwrights are tending more and more towards comedy. Mr. Jones, Mr. Pinero, Mr. Carton, Mr. Parker, Messrs. Parker and Carson, Mr. Grundy, Mr. Haddon Chambers and Mr. Esmond do not run to tragedy, romance or melodrama; they find in comedy the natural outlet for their talents. Mr. Esmond, I admit, has written one admirable tragedy, "Grierson's Way." But that was a realistic tragedy, dealing with modern life in a Chelsea flat, (where there is little opportunity for spectacle,) and it was altogether in a minor key. It would have been impossible on the stage of a large theatre, unless Grierson and his wife had been made a King and Queen, and cast into another century where they could have behaved violently, and installed in a palace where there was plenty of room for crowds. In fact, tragedy of modern life is impossible in a large theatre. But I digress. My point is that our best playwrights are writers of comedy, and that, since comedy is impossible in a large theatre, it is the Zeitgeist, and not Sir Henry Irving or Mr. Tree, that must be blamed for the neglect of modern dramaturgy at the Lyceum and Her Majesty's. If there arose a modern writer of pictorial tragedy, or romance, be sure that you would see his work at both these theatres. Be sure that you would see there any good pictorial tragedy or romance that might be written by Mr. Jones, or Mr. Pinero, or one of the rest. But could these gentlemen write such plays well? Could they, with the best will in the world, transform their whole method for the sake of bringing grist to these large mills? You remember "Carnac Sahib"? In writing that play Mr. Jones had evidently grasped the necessities involved. He had provided a large, picturesque background—palaces, temples, what not?—and had made a liberal use of the British army. Also, he had tried to make lurid the love of his two men for his married lady. But he had tried in vain. The years which he had devoted—so well devoted—to comedy had sapped all the lurid instincts of his early youth. The motive of "Carnac Sahib" never rose above, or sank below, the level of modern comedy. It was useless, therefore, to Her Majesty's. Yet I doubt not that Mr. Tree, who is reputed sanguine, would

again be willing to commission Mr. Jones or any other famous writer of comedies to write a tragedy or romance for his theatre. It is, I suspect, the playwrights themselves who are shy. Perhaps the day will come when one of them will pluck up his courage. But I suspect that the successful modern play at Her Majesty's, when we do see it, will have been written by someone whose name we do not know. Of them whose names we do know, Mr. Bernard Shaw is the only one who has written a play with enough spectacle to meet the requirements. I understand that in his unpublished "Cæsar and Cleopatra" a certain number of elephants is quite indispensable to the scheme, and that fifty of them would not be too many. But then, I understand also that the play is a comedy. And so I can exclude Mr. Tree from my recent condemnation of the London managers who still fight shy of Mr. Shaw's work.

That Mr. Tree regards "Rip" as an interlude in his policy, not as a part of it, is proved by the fact that he has not had the play overhauled and brought up to date—a task which (say) Mr. Parker could have performed very easily and prettily. True, it is said that there are certain differences between the play as written by Boucicault and the play as produced at Her Majesty's. But they cannot be essential differences: they do not make the play less old-fashioned than it was. The first and second villains are still there, in all their redolence of the 'sixties, with their plot to do Rip out of his inheritance. The first villain is still angry that Rip's wife would not marry him, and is still anxious to marry the second villain to Rip's daughter; and all the rest of it. The foiling of their 'sixtiesque designs is still the dénouement of the play: Rip comes down from the mountain, produces a document, establishes his claim to the property. The villains go off cowering and snarling, menaced by the heroic young sailor who loves Rip's daughter. Rip and his wife fall into each other's arms. Rip is at last a landed proprietor. Curtain. Of course, in the 'sixties, Rip's accession to wealth would have been held to increase greatly the happiness of the ending. Nowadays, it merely spoils the sentiment of his return and his reconciliation. The whole intrigue about the property seems to be out of place; it has nothing to do with the idea of the play; it is mere padding. The play would be immensely more effective if the intrigue were cut out, and if the time thus saved were devoted to some development of the main idea. It is absurd to bring Rip down from the mountain, after twenty years' sleep, merely that he may gradually recognise and be recognised by his relations, and may finish up with a little bit of foiling. It is sheer waste of an idea. The twenty-years' sleep is an interesting idea, and something vital ought to come of it. Rip's body has grown old, but his mind is exactly what it was when he was a young man. However great his love for his wife and his daughter and his neighbours, there is a gulf between his heart and their hearts—a gulf of twenty years. Will that gulf ever be bridged? That is the point that a modern dramatist would insist on. In fact, the play begins to be really interesting just when the curtain falls. We want to know whether Rip can make himself one with his old world, or whether he will wander back, wistfully, up the mountain-side, praying that his next sleep be unbroken. Obviously, the whole play ought to begin exactly where it ends—the rest could be given in a prologue. But perhaps, in that case, it would be rather too like "Le Chemineau," which Mr. Tree produced not long ago. And perhaps I am making an unnecessary fuss. After all, the main point is that Mr. Tree has appeared in the historic part of Rip—a part which, however bad its setting, is really fascinating, and gives him many chances of displaying his powers of humour, and pathos, and imagination. I have seen no previous Rips, and so cannot offer you a comparative criticism. Other reasons prevent me from telling elaborately that which is yet the truth: that I admired and enjoyed his performance, scene by scene. Miss Lily Hanbury humanised the shrew-wife with much intelligence and power. Mr. McLeay played with his usual intensity as first villain. The peasants' dresses were curious and amusing. The scenery was quite beautiful. It had been painted by Mr. Fred

Storey, on whom the gods seem to have lavished an alarming variety of gifts. MAX.

OLD MUSIC AND NEW.

BEFORE speaking of what Covent Garden is doing for Wagner's music, let me say a little on the question of what Mr. Dolmetsch is doing for the music that was written long before Wagner. For many years Mr. Dolmetsch has gone on steadily, lecturing, giving concerts of the old music, and, what is far more important than lecturing or concert-giving, making and repairing the instruments on which alone the old music should be played. It is impossible to overestimate the value of the work he has done. He, and he alone, has enabled us to hear the old music as the old masters heard it and of necessity wished it to be heard; and now that everyone has been enabled to hear it, only a critic who wishes to write himself down an absolute idiot will venture to speak about it as it was commonly spoken of ten years ago. In France, Germany, Italy, Mr. Dolmetsch is known; people flock to his concerts by thousands in the provinces of this country; but they do not flock by thousands, or hundreds, or even tens, to the concerts he gives in London. The drawing-room concerts given at 7 Bayley Street are amongst the very finest entertainments of each season; one hears there finely, conscientiously, rendered the master-works of the old world; but the London public is as indifferent to them as it is to most artistic schemes that do not happen to be well advertised. Save for the support of a few of the faithful it would not have been possible to continue them. Mr. Dolmetsch has made one or two tentative appeals to the larger public before to-day; and now he has determined to try an experiment on a big scale. As I mentioned last week, on 13 June he will give a lecture and concert in S. James' Hall, when a quantity of the music (British and Foreign) of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries will be played, sung and explained. If huge crowds do not attend I shall give up all hope of our musical men and critics ever becoming really musical, ever acquiring any real musical education. At present they are in the position of a man who knows no poetry earlier than Pope's, no prose earlier than Dr. Johnson's; and they pride themselves on the extent and completeness of their ignorance; and, not knowing how the old music sounded and was meant to sound, knowing nothing of the tremendous things attempted and achieved in the old days, they (when they are critics) write calmly of the "ignorance" of the men who know a little or a lot of these things. I do not claim that Mr. Dolmetsch knows everything about the older music, or that every view he takes is correct: in fact there are many points on which I find myself in painful opposition to him. But there is one thing which Mr. Dolmetsch has done and which no one else has so much as attempted: he has constructed and reconstructed the old instruments and learnt to play them; he has shown us that thousands of things which sound meaningless, perhaps even ugly, on the piano are fine, lovely, genuinely expressive works on the instruments for which they were written. This, I insist, and have always insisted, is the most valuable part of his work. It is idle to study the old music so long as we are no better than a savage who knows no difference between a fiddle and a trombone. We may read it, but how can we imagine how it should sound if we have never heard the instrument on which it was meant to be played? There is no such thing as "music"—sheer music—as the professors, in spite of my expostulations, persist in thinking: there is music for this instrument and for that; and the music which sounds divinely on one may sound barbarously on another. An art critic who tried to judge a Turner picture from a photograph would arrive at some odd results, but results not nearly so odd as some that have been arrived at during the last two hundred years by the elect of the musical academies. All this must be altered, and will be altered if people will only take the trouble to hear the old instruments played.

Mr. Dolmetsch's concert, the first of the series given at 7 Bayley Street on Tuesday evening of last

week, was one of the most interesting I have heard. The most noteworthy thing about it to me was the set of pieces for viola da gamba and harpsichord by Forqueray le fils. It is terrible for a musical critic to have to confess his ignorance of anything; most of us would rather die than do it; all of us at times pretend to be ignorant of music and musicians, of which and whom we know absolutely nothing, rather than be honest and say right out that we have heard nothing of them before. But anyone who is not a born actor grows tired of playing the mime; and being no mime I wish to get rid of a weary load of guilt by confessing that never until this concert had the name of Forqueray, whether *père* or *fils*, come under my notice. Yet, judging by the pieces played—and played excellently—by Miss Helene Dolmetsch and by some other compositions which Mr. Dolmetsch was good enough to show me after the concert, he is one of the biggest musicians sent to plague the modern Philistine. As a builder he seems second to none: his music is broadly, magnificently, schemed; as an inventor he is second to few: his harmonies are of the very boldest description and were evidently written to please the man's ear and with a splendid disregard for all the rules of the theorists; as a poet—well, I would rather wait until Mr. Dolmetsch has played more of his music before delivering an opinion on that point, but I may say that the pieces played last week were as poetical, as full of a fine atmosphere, as anything in Purcell, Bach or Mozart. I have looked up various dictionaries and encyclopædias without finding any mention of Forqueray; so I intend to go carefully through such of his music as is accessible, and some day I hope to write about it here. Mr. Dolmetsch's next concert takes place at the same address on 12 June, and I recommend everyone who has a little time on his hands to attend it as well as the function of 13 June in St. James' Hall. It is very well to be a Wagner enthusiast and rush off to Covent Garden on every Wagner night; but I would say to everyone that it is impossible to appreciate Wagner properly unless you understand the music out of which Wagner's and all modern music has grown.

For me the old music; for those who love only the new a Wagner cycle rages this week at Covent Garden, and there will be another before long. On Tuesday the "Rhinegold" was played from 8.30 till 11; on Wednesday the "Valkyrie" began at 7, and on Thursday "Siegfried" began at 7. For Friday, presumably with a view of contrasting utter and unspeakable imbecility with the highest art of the century, Puccini's "Bohème" was announced; and to-night the "Dusk of the Gods" begins at 6.30 and ends at goodness knows what hour. I must confess to taking little interest in these cycles. Bayreuth is not an institution that can be carelessly transplanted into Bow Street and flourish there. It was not a thing that Wagner imposed on Germany; it grew out of German ideas and habits of life; and without enormous modifications it will never live for a year in any other country than Germany. Ask anyone who knows Bayreuth well, and who is honest and observant and capable of the act of thought—ask such an one how Bayreuth exists, by what it exists and what it exists for, and he will answer, briefly, "lager." Lager is the central idea of Bayreuth. The opera does not begin until four in the afternoon, so that you have many hours for the serious business of lager drinking before starting on the amusement of the day; there are intervals of about an hour between the acts, which intervals can be wholly devoted to lager; the opera is over about ten in the evening, and you can sit until three of the next morning in one of the local cafés and drink lager. Every German does it, and many Englishmen do it—at Bayreuth. But an Englishman who attempted to do it in England would justly be regarded as something of a hog. Lager is not adapted to the English climate. With the disappearance then of lager disappears also the *raison d'être* of Bayreuth. We do not want it, do not need it, in London; it is of no use to us. When two years ago we were given Bayreuth in a much more aggravated form, none of us knew what on earth to do in the long intervals. We could not walk in a forest of pines; there was no German restaurant handy where we could get lukewarm, greasy food,

or watch the caterpillars swimming in one's soup, or drink lager; the first interval compelled us to haunt the restaurants in the Strand and get indigestion through eating bad dinners in haste, and in the second we hung with grooms and porters about the portico of the theatre and wished to heaven that the opera would commence again. This year we are not bothered by this nonsense; but we are bothered by having to spend four long, weary evenings in one week over the "Ring." It is given without cuts, and without cuts the "Valkyrie," "Siegfried" and the "Dusk of the Gods" are far too long to be endured under any other than Bayreuth conditions, which are, as I have pointed out, impossible in London. For my part I frankly admit that I shirk a goodly part of each evening's so-called entertainment. We critics grow blasé soon enough without wilfully putting ourselves through a process that inevitably destroys any freshness, enthusiasm and sensitiveness that may have survived some years of concert-going. And I do not see what the public gains by being compelled to take its Wagner in such enormous chunks. Anyhow, the whole "cycle" business is a sham; for between "Siegfried" on Thursday and the "Dusk of the Gods" to-night we have the "Bohème" on Friday. Shade of Wagner!

There is not very much to be said about the representations. The "Rhinegold" was absolutely the worst performance I have ever witnessed. The orchestra played viciously; the newly-imported Viennese scenery was as barbarously ugly as a Viennese artist could make it; the singers could not resist the bad atmosphere that prevailed, and one by one yielded and were content to sing wretchedly. A more preposterous monster than the crocodile I do not remember; and the disappearances of Alberich—he simply hid behind bits of scenery—were an insult to the audience. Those who have paid twenty-five shillings or more for a stall ought at least to get a little steam for their money. On the other hand much of the "Valkyrie" was excellent. Mottl handled the orchestra in his finest manner; Van Rooy was magnificent as Wotan; the Brünnhilda of Ternina and the Sieglinda of Gadski were both beautiful. The descent and flight of the Valkyries were farcical; but probably that will always be the case. So much as I heard of "Siegfried" was also fine. Dippel, though not in the least a great singer, is a conscientious worker; and he got through his most difficult scene in a praiseworthy way.

The "Dusk of the Gods" must be heard to-night, I suppose, though I greatly dread the ordeal. Rather would I spend a peaceful evening, listening to the old music given by Mr. Dolmetsch, than endure these orgies of the new music at Covent Garden. J. F. R.

LONDON ASSURANCE

WE believe that a well-known play derived its name of "London Assurance" from the Insurance Corporation which is so named, and, speaking with the deference due to so venerable a body, it seems that the Corporation in at least one particular has copied the playwright in the assurance with which it describes the benefits it confers upon participating policy-holders. The prospectus of the Corporation states that "The system of the London Assurance is in various important particulars specially favourable to the policy-holders. In the participating series, the assured are entitled at each valuation to two-thirds of the gross surplus, arrived at without deducting the expenses of management; and the expenses of management are defrayed entirely by the shareholders out of the one-third of the surplus allotted to them. At the present day, when the expenses of conducting Life assurance business show a marked tendency to increase even in the most carefully managed societies, this arrangement is a great safeguard to the assured that their interests will not suffer."

Anybody unacquainted with the facts might suppose that the arrangements here described were beneficial to the policy-holders, but a little examination of the facts shows that the cost of the proprietors to the policy-holders is very great. The policy-holders receive two-thirds of the surplus from participating assurances,

and nothing at all from the profits on non-participating business; the policy-holders have to pay commission on the participating business though not the expenses. At the last valuation the shareholders' proportion of surplus from participating assurances amounted to £71,810, out of which they paid expenses amounting to £40,929, leaving a clear profit on the participating branch of £30,881, which is equivalent to 18 per cent. of the surplus divided after deducting expenses. Put in another way the profits of the proprietors from the participating policies amount to 6 per cent. of the premiums received during the valuation period. The commission amounted to 3.9 per cent., the expenses to 8 per cent., and the total expenditure to 17.9 per cent. of the premiums.

The participating policy-holders, therefore, not only had their own branch of the business conducted at a very expensive rate, but they had no share of any kind in the profits of the non-participating branch, which however is a source of very considerable profit to the proprietors. At the last valuation the profits on this branch of the business amounted to £70,000 out of which the proprietors had to pay £17,321 for expenses, leaving them with a net profit of £52,679, which is equivalent to 24.3 per cent. of the premiums; while the total proportion absorbed in commission, expenses, and dividends to shareholders, amounted to 35 per cent. of the premiums received during the valuation period, a ratio which no other office with any approach to high-class standing approaches.

Participating policy-holders in many proprietary companies and mutual offices share in the bulk, or the whole, of the surplus from both participating and non-participating business, and were the London Assurance a mutual corporation the amount available for bonuses at the last valuation would have been increased by £83,560. In other words the participating policy-holders would have received £227,179, instead of the £143,619 which actually fell to their lot. In other words their bonus would have been increased by 58 per cent., and for every £10 actually received in bonus they would have received £15 16s. The total amount paid to the shareholders after deducting the expenses of management amounted to 12.4 per cent. of the premiums, the commission and expenses came to 11.6 per cent., and the total cost for management and proprietors to 24 per cent. of the premiums. It certainly needs a large measure of London assurance to pretend that arrangements of this kind are "specially favourable to the policy-holders," and the sooner the statement to that effect is expunged from the prospectus the better. Doubtless these huge profits are eminently pleasing to the proprietors, and if they can find people willing to assure with them on such terms they may be justified in making no alteration, but we should think that no one acquainted with these facts would care to take a policy in the London Assurance until some alteration is made.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE UNIONIST PARTY IN IRELAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

4 June, 1900.

SIR,—Surely you are not quite just, in your article of 2 June, to the position taken up by the Irish Unionists with reference to Mr. Gill's appointment. A good many individual Irish Unionists are in sympathy with your dislike of the opposition to this appointment. But the case against Mr. Gill is not that he has been a Nationalist M.P., as your article seems to imply, but that he is alleged to have been a party to the criminal "Plan of Campaign," a conspiracy of which even Parnell disapproved. I know nothing of the reality of Mr. Gill's connexion with the "Plan," but I think you will see that by suppressing this aspect of the case you are misrepresenting the nature of the opposition. It is of course a pity that amnesty cannot be proclaimed, and for sheer dishonesty the "Plan of Campaign," bad as it was, was not much worse than many of the proceedings of the Land Commission. But I venture to think

that had it operated in England, any public man who countenanced it would have been driven permanently from public life.

It will be disastrous, of course, if the Irish Unionists as a whole attempt to deprive Mr. Horace Plunkett of his seat. But when you speak of the "sympathy among intelligent men" which the Irish landlords are supposed to have won, and may forfeit, may I ask you to state where that sympathy is to be found and to what it amounts? Mr. Gerald Balfour is presumably an intelligent man, and a Conservative, but his recent reply to Colonel Saunderson in the House gave proof of a cynical ignorance on the land question which is far removed from "sympathy." In view of the facts that this Unionist ministry has passed a more drastic Land Act than any preceding Cabinet, has taken the conduct of Irish local affairs from loyalists and entrusted it to men of avowed rebel views, and has absolutely declined to do anything to enforce the recommendations of the Fry Commission, and that English Conservatives have silently acquiesced in this policy, is it not rather futile to lecture Irish landlords, and gravely threaten that they will forfeit a "sympathy" which has not preserved them from political ruin and private spoliation?

The fact is that Mr. Balfour's policy, while it has not prevented a single Nationalist from cheering for the Boers, has very nearly killed Unionism outside Ulster. The younger generation of Irish gentry will not have that keen memory of the land war which still keeps their fathers in the Conservative ranks. They will find that, if they take the Home Rule pledge, seats on County and District Councils will be open to them, whereas, if they maintain a barren Unionist creed, they will be as effectually divorced from the national life as the gentlemen of France. And I regret to say that the utterance most generally heard amongst Irish landlords at present is to the effect that no Home Rule Parliament would have treated them with greater injustice than has Lord Salisbury's Government. Of course they may be in error, but they will not be convinced of the error unless they obtain something more than "sympathy" from English Conservatives.

It is because I am a strong Unionist that I venture to speak so frankly. I cannot blame my friends and relatives in Ireland, men who have really suffered for their Conservative views, if they refuse to hold a besieged fortress which there is apparently no intention of relieving. If Home Rule comes, it will be far more due to Mr. Gerald Balfour than to Mr. Gladstone. Perhaps Mr. Balfour desires to go down to posterity as a second Peel.

The worst feature of it all is that whereas the Ministry are ready to make concessions to Irish Nationalists at the expense of Irish Conservatives, they refuse to listen to demands in which Nationalists and Conservatives are united, such as the financial demand. This may be politics, but is it statesmanship?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A FUTURE IRISH LANDLORD.

[To suggest that the opposition to Mr. Gill's appointment is based on a mere allegation, as does our correspondent, is to bring a graver charge against Irish Unionists than we wished to do. That Mr. Gill is a Roman Catholic Nationalist and sat as such in Parliament are facts, and we preferred to assign undoubted facts as the ground, foolish though it seemed to us, of the opposition to Mr. Gill's appointment to any allegation. We agree that if it were proved that Mr. Gill was a party to the Plan of Campaign, it would seriously alter the case.—ED. S. R.]

SANDHURST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Aldershot, 28 May.

SIR,—I have read your leaders on "Sandhurst" and the subsequent correspondence with great interest, since for some years I have frequently been in the neighbourhood of the R.M.C. and have seen much (and heard more) of what you now complain about.

That there is a vast amount of truth, and most unpleasant truth, both in your leader and in "Fossil's" letter, nobody acquainted with the College can deny. Also that "Fair Play" (who by the way is apparently one of the establishment) has in no way disproved any of the serious allegations contained in your leader, is manifest to all. "Fossil's" orthography and ways of expressing himself may be of a prehistoric type, like his pseudonym, but the truth of his remarks is not lessened thereby. Without questioning the correctness of the authorities in appointing an Assistant-Commandant to the R.M.C. who failed to pass a simple examination in mathematics, it seems to me that the fact of an officer being a Staff College graduate or not is hardly of such importance as you and some people appear to think. That the late Assistant-Commandant to whom "Fair Play" alludes, and who also was not a S.C. graduate, performed his own duties without friction and to the satisfaction of all, merely proves that these duties can be satisfactorily performed by such an officer. I am aware that many, whose judgment on such matters is of the greatest weight, are of opinion that a man who cannot pass the elementary tests in mathematics exacted at the Staff College must be deficient in memory and lacking in method. Perhaps those who have served with the present Assistant-Commandant can say whether his general conduct proves or disproves this?

"Fair Play's" remarks about the Assistant-Commandant being "the channel of communication between the Governor and the Professors &c." reveals surely something amiss in the organisation of the R.M.C. The idea of "Professors," who in theory at least are highly educated officers of senior rank, deeply versed in their especial subjects, being expected to seek out a channel of communication with their immediate chief, the Governor, through the by-way of a junior staff officer, whose education and attainments are at least open to discussion, as your leader proves, would be humorous were it not so utterly incongruous and deplorable. A regiment in which the senior officers have no access to their colonel save through the channel of the adjutant is in a parlous state! Yet "Fair Play" very justly compares the duties of Assistant-Commandant of the R.M.C. with those of a regimental adjutant. Here then possibly lies one of the sources of the present unsatisfactory state of affairs at Sandhurst College. Is this "channel of communication" between the Governor and the officers of the College clear, reliable and in good working order?

"Fair Play" denounces "Fossil's" statement that this subordinate officer "has been gradually allowed to usurp the functions of deputy governor." But one thing is incontrovertible and is a matter of common knowledge to the whole neighbourhood, viz. that since the present Governor has been in office the Assistant-Commandant has, month by month, been permitted to extend his functions, delegate the work for which he is well paid to others who are *not* paid to do it, and in fact to occupy a position vastly in excess of his very minor rôle of merely being "responsible for the drill and interior economy of the cadets" as so clearly defined in the regulations quoted by "Fair Play."

CINCINNATUS.

AMERICAN FEELING TOWARDS THE BRITISH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hotel Hagemann, Pacific Avenue, Santa Cruz, Cal.
9 May, 1900.

SIR,—When in England, last year, and before the outbreak of the Transvaal war, I was impressed by the almost general belief that the Americans understood and reciprocated the good will entertained by the people of Great Britain for America. Further it amazed me to observe the confidence with which Englishmen appeared to calculate upon an "alliance" with America.

Let no Britisher be deceived. A greater mistake cannot be made. From end to end of the United States familiar conversation with all classes, and

observation of their spontaneously expressed views at other times, are absolutely convincing that American voting power is dead against Great Britain. Newspapers from one end of the Republic to the other are full of this; and add to the prejudice, ignorantly entertained on the part of the public, by distorted and reckless statements. The popular sentiment against the British is traded upon and encouraged. Newspapers, with a few honourable exceptions, are written down to the level of their readers. Abuse of, and attacks upon, British statesmen, their aims, stupidity, tyranny, and ferocity, especially in connexion with the Transvaal incident, are constant. Every obstacle, every disaster, met with by the British is magnified and gloated over. All British actions, lines of policy, and intentions are grossly misrepresented. The fiction that Englishmen have never forgiven America for obtaining her independence is closely cherished. I have never yet met an average citizen of the States who does not firmly believe that England is full of bitterness against America on that account. This is persistently taught. It is an article of faith and governs his attitude through life towards Great Britain. To the average citizen it is incredible that the English should entertain any but sore, revengeful feelings against the Republic plus envy and malice at its greatness. This feeling is sedulously fostered by the majority of the newspapers. Besides that, the Irish, German, Scandinavian, Portuguese, Italian, and generally mixed population of recent arrival and greatly increasing numbers is dead against the British. The United States will form an alliance with Great Britain entirely when it suits the United States, and only then. I hope Englishmen will not remain under any illusion. "Blood ties"—"cousinship"—"kindred"—and all the catchwords, spoken as though they were arguments, are of no account now. Used in bygone days of Englishmen and Anglo-Americans they perhaps had some meaning—chiefly by the men who used them. All that is altered. America has altered and is fast altering beyond recognition. Accustomed to corruption in offices and officials of all sorts—looking upon "rustling" and "besting" as a normal condition—the United States citizen of the average class has no high standard of national, civic, or commercial morals. Disregard of honour—exultation indeed over a successful breach thereof—lack of integrity, selfishness, are increasing. Religion, respect for parents, age, or institutions disappearing. "Education" is calculated to make them less workers, and more dependent upon "cuteness" and "spryness." I give the result of my observations upon people I meet with in common life—of all classes. Many of course are superior to this, but amongst the multitude they do not count for much. Cultivated and thoughtful Americans whom I speak with deplore the fact equally with myself when closely questioned. On this subject let me warn British subjects against pro-American addresses and statements of certain prominent British writers and speakers. Those good folk are amiable enthusiasts with academical ideas and sentiments towards Republicanism. If they have visited America they have been bluffed by interested cliques. The material advancement and future immense development of America is certain. But its ethics are Yankee. Let Britishers help to develop their own equally, and perhaps even more really progressive and prospectively prosperous kindred colonies, and leave the Yankees to themselves. The latter will come fast enough to Great Britain whenever they need her help, or whenever they can get anything out of her. If English people would do their best to develop the grand Dominion of Canada, that territory would in time outstrip even the United States in all but its unenviable personal attributes.

Yours obediently,

J. A. ROBINSON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

S. Louis, Missouri, 14 May, 1900.

SIR,—In recent numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW I have noticed many letters on the supposed attitude of the American people on the Boer war, most of which seem to convey the idea that the majority in this country are favourable to Great Britain, one writer even going

so far as to say that many American statesmen favour an Anglo-American alliance. There are many enlightened and influential Americans, not politicians, who heartily favour the cultivation of close relations with Great Britain, because all our interests throughout the world are almost identical; but for an American politician to support an alliance such as some British statesmen have proposed, or suggested, would be that politician's political death-knell.

In any case, however, an alliance with this republic, even with the ratification of the Senate, would be but a rope of sand to be broken during any popular wave of anger against the ally; whereas in England there is continuity of policy because the Crown is free to make treaties.

But while it must be admitted by observant Americans, who, like the writer, have visited all parts of the United States and mingled with all classes, that the majority of the people sympathise with the Boers—some for want of information, because the accounts published in the American newspapers are generally one-sided; some through prejudice against Great Britain instilled from childhood by school text-books, and the masses because they are told by Webster Davis and other blatant blatherskites that the Boers "ought to be free" and the British are going to "deprive them of their liberty" because they, the British, "want the goldfields;" yet it cannot be truthfully said that the majority feel any hostility toward Great Britain, for many intelligent persons will in the same breath that they declare their sympathy for the Boers say they believe it would be better for all concerned that the British should annex the territory of the Republics, thus securing British supremacy and good government throughout South Africa.

And having mentioned Webster Davis, it may be well to state that he is a long-haired Yahoo from the wild and woolly West who was never heard of before the folly of the American Government allowed him to compromise them by his semi-official visit to the Boer capital. In the days when statesmen from the Atlantic States were supreme in the councils of the nation it would not have been possible for such a person to have secured even temporary foothold in a secretariat of the general Government. One sentence from a recent speech of this Boer agent is enough to show how on the eve of a political campaign, he is trying to inflame the public mind against Great Britain, namely: "The English are proverbially cruel." The leading newspaper of this town published a column containing equally veracious statements by this person. English writers are apparently deluding themselves with the idea that because of England's having saved America from a European coalition in 1898 America will exhibit gratitude in a practical way during England's present troubles. Perhaps the American Government recognise this debt and have done all they could safely do to show their gratitude, with a howling opposition scrutinising every act with the view of making political capital for the approaching electoral campaign; but as to the people at large, represented by the Press, they have never acknowledged, and do not now believe that England helped America in the Spanish war, but in their colossal self-confidence think America can lick the world.

One writer in the SATURDAY REVIEW has asserted that there is not a single newspaper in the United States favourable to England. This is entirely too sweeping, for the "New York Tribune," which is very close to the Government is a conspicuous example to the contrary; so also is the New York "Evening Post," and the two leading New Orleans papers are very friendly to England in the present war. As to the "New York World" which is sometimes cited to support the theory of the existence in America of intense antagonism to England, it is sufficient to state that the best people of this country do not tolerate that sheet in their family circles. Generally speaking I think it may be said that most of England's friends are to be found on the Atlantic coast.—Your obedient servant,

EDMOND FORTUNE.

REVIEWS.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS AGAIN.

"Shakespeare's Sonnets." Reconsidered and in part re-arranged with Introductory Chapters, Notes, &c.. By Samuel Butler. London: Longmans. 1900. 10s. 6d.

"Les Sonnets de Shakspeare." Traduits en Sonnets français avec Introduction, Notes et Bibliographie. Par Fernand Henry. Paris: Ollendorff. 1900. 10f.

THESE are two very interesting contributions to the immense literature which is accumulating round Shakespeare's "Sonnets," the one in the form of a dissertation, the other in the form of a bold experiment. Mr. Butler congratulates himself that he has solved the mystery of those fascinating enigmas, M. Fernand Henry that he has transplanted into French some of the fairest flowers of the golden age of our poetry. And both are to be congratulated, not indeed on their unqualified success in attaining their objects, but on the production of works of exceptional interest.

Mr. Samuel Butler's work is the work of a scholar, but of a scholar mounted on a hobby-horse, and on a hobby-horse of unusually vigorous mettle. He begins with a tremendous onslaught on the theories of the Southamptonites, the Herbertists and the anti-autobiographical party, and in this part of his work he has certainly much to say which is both pertinent and plausible, nay in our opinion convincing. He points out the difficulties in the way of the assumption that "W.H." can be either Southampton or Herbert with a trenchant cogency which cannot fail to command the most respectful attention, and he musters such an array of testimony and inferences as it must be very difficult for any reader, however prejudiced in favour of the theories combatted by him, to resist. But Mr. Butler is less successful in construction than in demolition. His own contention is that the Sonnets are, as Goethe, Wordsworth, Hallam, Mr. Swinburne and others maintain, autobiographical, and very derogatory to Shakespeare's moral character. He is satisfied that "Mr. W. H." was the youth who inspired them, not the youth who simply collected or procured them and gave them to Thorpe, but that this youth was neither the Earl of Southampton nor the Earl of Pembroke, nor indeed anyone of superior social rank to the poet, though this has generally been assumed to be the case. Adopting the theory of Tyrwhitt and Malone that the key to the youth's name is to be found in the seventh line of the Twentieth Sonnet,—

"A man in hew all Hewes in his controlling"

and deducing, with those critics, from Sonnets CXXXV., CXXXVI. and CXLIII. that the youth's Christian name was William, Mr. Butler believes, as they did, that the youth's name was William Hughes or Hewes: and Mr. Butler is inclined to identify him, though he speaks, of course, by no means confidently, with a William Hughes who served as steward in the "Vanguard," "Swiftsure" and "Dreadnought" and who died in March 1636-7. Mr. Butler supports his theory with hypotheses which an impartial judge of evidence will find it difficult to concede. In the face of Sonnets XXXVI., XXXVII. and CXXIV. the contention that the youth was not in a superior social station to the poet cannot be maintained with any confidence. Such passages as

"For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to that store"

in Sonnet XXXVII. and the passage beginning "If my dear love were but the child of state" in Sonnet CXXIV. can hardly admit of any other construction than the obvious one. There are still graver difficulties in the way of supposing, as Mr. Butler does, that all or nearly all the Sonnets were written between Jan. 1585-6 and December 1588. That they could be the work of a young man between his twenty-first and his twenty-fourth year, and have preceded by some four years the composition of "Venus and Adonis" and the "Rape of Lucrece" is simply incredible. But it is a

question which cannot be argued, for we have nothing but mere hypothesis to go upon. Mr. Butler's arrangement and interpretation of the Sonnets are moreover purely fanciful. Unauthorised and capricious arrangement is a most uncritical expedient, and may be forced into the service of very unwarrantable deduction. Every scholar knows how much the study of Plato has been perplexed and distorted by Schleiermacher's similar treatment of the Platonic Dialogues. When, too, Mr. Butler would have us believe that some of the sonnets in the second group, from CXXVII. to CLII. are addressed to and concern not the woman, but the youth, he asks us to accept a theory which is not only revolting, but which sets all probability at defiance. Similarly absurd, he must forgive us for saying, is his grotesquely repulsive interpretation of Sonnet XXXIV. : the meaning is purely metaphorical. Nor is there anything to justify the abominable interpretation placed on Sonnets XXXIII. and XXXIV. or the collation of CXXI.

We are in entire accordance with Mr. Butler, as we have already said, in his demonstration of the untenable position of the Southamptonites and Herbertists, but, for his own theory, though we admit that it is, generally speaking, exceedingly ingenious and admirably argued, we can only say that it supports a view of the question which, if it admits of no positive confutation, produces no conviction. No theory, indeed, based on an arbitrary arrangement of these poems and on positive deductions, drawn or rather strained from most ambiguous evidence and from pure hypotheses, can possibly be satisfactory.

We must now turn to M. Fernand Henry. His work is the work of a scholar, a critic and a poet. His Introduction reviews succinctly the various theories which have been broached and maintained by those who have successively attempted to solve the enigma of these poems. In this review which shows that he is a master of all that has been written on this subject in England and elsewhere he has, of course, nothing new to say. In his comments he is moderate and sensible. His own conclusion is that the poems are undoubtedly autobiographical, and that "W. H." is the Earl of Southampton. And M. Fernand Henry states and supports his case by adducing all perhaps that has been advanced or possibly can be advanced in its favour. On this we shall merely remark that he shows much more acumen in dealing with the testimonies and arguments which make for his theory than in dealing with those which are opposed to it. But on this subject we have so fully expressed our views in former articles that we cannot reopen its discussion again.

The most interesting part of M. Fernand Henry's work is his attempt to present the Sonnets in a French dress. He has not been the first to assay this task. It was attempted by François Victor Hugo, by Emile Montégut, by Ernest Lafond and by Alfred Copin as late as 1888. Such of these versions as we have seen only served to show, so far as we could judge, that the naturalisation of the Shakespearian Sonnets in French is as impossible as the naturalisation of the Shakespearian Drama has proved to be. But, if M. Henry has not reproduced Shakespeare, he has produced some very charming poems, poems which he can at least congratulate himself are often simpler and more intelligible than the originals. Of his version we will give two short and typical specimens, the first of which seems to prove how impossible it is for the utmost skill to produce in French an exact counterpart to the English:—

"That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang."

"Tu peux revoir en moi ce moment d'année
Où, tremblant sous les vents d'hiver, les rameaux—
Naguère tout remplis du doux chant des oiseaux—
N'ont plus pour vêtements que des feuilles fanées."

How like—yet how utterly unlike! Take again the following which is a triumph of fidelity to the original:—

"Like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend."

Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound."

"De même que les flots se brisent sur la grève,
Les minutes du temps ont aussi leur destin.
C'est ainsi qu'on les voit se presser vers leur fin,
L'une remplaçant l'autre, en un combat sans trêve,
Quand la Nativité sur son zénith se lève
Triomphale, voici qu'en son ténébreux sein
L'éclipse l'enveloppe, et elle sent soudain
Sa divine splendeur s'écrouler comme un rêve."

Take again the following, and it will be seen how all the charm and power of the noble original are attenuated—but how ingeniously—into fluent grace:—

"Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?"

"Quand la terre, et la mer, et l'airain, et la pierre
Finissent par céder au pouvoir de la Mort,
La Beauté saurait-elle éviter ce dur sort,
Elle, la pauvre fleur aussi frêle que fière?"

Perhaps the most comprehensive illustration of M. Henry's skill and failure as a translator of these untranslatable poems would be his version of the grandest of all of them—the CXVI., but we have not space to quote it. On the whole when he modestly asks, referring to his translation—"La pâle effigie que j'en offre n'est-elle pas absolument indigne du modèle?" we would reply, that it is at least a testimony of his careful, scholarly and sympathetic study of these poems and that he need have no fear of offending, as he seems to think he may do, the shade of the poet who wrote—

"Never anything can be amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it."

BOOKS ON EGYPT AND CHALDÆA.

"Books on Egypt and Chaldæa." Vol. I.:—"Egyptian Ideas of the Future Life," by E. A. Wallis Budge. Vol. II.:—"Egyptian Magic," by the same. Vol. III.:—"Easy Lessons in Egyptian Hieroglyphics," by the same. Vol. IV.:—"Babylonian Religion and Mythology," by L. W. King. London: Kegan Paul. 1899. 3s. 6d. net each.

HOW Champollion would have opened his eyes at these little volumes! The study of Egyptian hieroglyphics, from one of the most abstruse and complicated branches of scholarly research is becoming a popular pastime, as easy as "Patience." Here we have in a neat little book a royal road to the mastery of those mysterious symbols over which Young and Champollion racked their ingenious brains. In two companion volumes Mr. Budge gives us a cut-and-dried account of the Egyptian religion in its higher and lower forms. In a fourth, his assistant at the British Museum, Mr. King, does a like service for Babylonian mythology. The idea of the series is excellent. Innumerable Egyptian and Babylonian texts have been published and translated, but these are contained in costly volumes or the transactions of learned societies, and are not addressed either in price or treatment in usum vulgi. It was quite time that the results of so much scholarly labour should be made accessible to the general reader and the voracious attendant of Extension Lectures in a purely popular form, and we may say at once that these little volumes answer the purpose very well. They make no pretensions to literary charm or philosophic insight, but they say what they have to say clearly enough, they are well illustrated by process reductions from papyri, monuments, seals, &c., and if only they were provided with indices there would be no fault to find, but this omission is a distinct drawback.

Of course to Mr. Budge the writing of his three little books was mere child's play. For many years with incredible energy he has been editing and translating the British Museum papyri of the famous "Book of the Dead"—the prime authority on Egyptian religion—and he has said his say on the Egyptian ideas of the resurrection, the judgment, and the future life, in

numerous introductions to these translations. He has already written handbooks to the study of hieroglyphics. He had merely to recast his previous writings in a more popular shape, and to add such fresh matter as occurred to him. The result is interesting enough and may be accepted as a temporary explanation of a very difficult subject by one who has at least the right to an opinion which he founds upon a wide acquaintance with the chief documents. We say "temporary," because we doubt very much whether scholars are yet in a position to interpret that most mysterious collection of formulæ known as the "Book of the Dead" with any precision. A good deal of it appears to have become unintelligible to the Egyptian priests themselves at the time of the great Theban dynasties, and Mr. Budge's argument that people do not go on copying sacred documents which they cannot understand falls to the ground in face of the frequent use of magical formulæ down to quite recent days by persons who could not understand them. A modern Yorkshire farmer will put up an old Latin magical inscription over his cow byre as an amulet against witchcraft, without a notion of what it means, and why should not an Egyptian have done the same with a chapter of the "Book of the Dead," which he placed in the coffin of his father to protect him in the perils of the after life, without pretending to understand its real meaning? We are inclined to think, too, that Mr. Budge makes too sure of the monotheism of the ancient Egyptians. If, like Dr. Wiedemann, he meant solar monotheism, we could understand it; but when he makes Rā, the sun-god, merely "the visible symbol and type" of an eternal self-existing God, creator of the universe, who in the Egyptian mind stood unique and far above all the other gods—his complicated "manifestations" or "forms"—we fail to follow him. The texts he quotes do not appear to us to bear out his view at all conclusively, though we do not deny that among the higher minds there was probably a tendency to monotheism. This tendency, however, combined with the worship of Osiris and the consequent doctrine of the resurrection of the spirit (not the body), justifies Mr. Budge's remark that no nation was better prepared for the reception of Christianity than the Egyptian.

Mr. King's account of Babylonian religion is much more guarded. He does not ignore difficulties or brush aside perplexities in Mr. Budge's easy manner. "No finality," he says, "must be expected for some time to come. . . . The fragmentary nature of the available material alone is a great obstacle to the construction of any consecutive narrative and to the correct grouping of facts, while the renderings of rare Sumerian words and complex idiograms in some cases offer insuperable difficulties." This is the right way to approach an obscure subject. The fact that most of his documents only date from the time of King Ashur-bāni-pal in the seventh century B.C., though they undoubtedly represent much older traditions, makes his attempt to describe early Babylonian religion the more difficult. He has, however, produced an exceedingly interesting book, and his revised translations of the celebrated tablets recording the Babylonian legends of the Creation and the Deluge, and his careful critical comparison of these with the accounts in Genesis, will interest many who would not otherwise be attracted by Babylonian studies. But the most exciting of his chapters is that entitled "Tales of Gods and Heroes," where we read of the great deeds of the Babylonian hero Gilgamesh, the siege of Erech, the love of Ishtar, her visit to the underworld, the weeping for Tammuz, Etana's journey to heaven, and a number of wonderful adventures. The Babylonian demons are particularly fearsome, and altogether one realises that a truly pious gentleman living in Mesopotamia must have found the "consolations of religion" a little mixed.

MATERIALS FOR KELTIC HISTORY.

"The Welsh People." By John Rhys and David Brynmor-Jones. London: Unwin. 1900. 16s.

STUDENTS owe a mighty debt to these authors, who have shown them how to study Welsh history. Yet they will do well to take Professor Rhys'

etymological disquisition on Goidel, Brython, and that non-Aryan Pict cum grano. It is as interesting as, say, Geoffrey of Monmouth; but the discovery hereafter of some new case inflection in some Aryan or non-Aryan dialect may any day dissolve this faery castle of professorial imagination. The narrative which follows these dreams however is admirable, for it is a successful reconstruction from contemporary authorities of Welsh history between the years A.D. 664 and 1282, and this history is hereby at last freed from the mass of legend with which the humours of Geoffrey of Monmouth and the tomes of the historians, who have taken that jongleur seriously, have encrusted it. Especially interesting are the authors' pictures of the first rush of the mail-clad Norman horsemen into the valleys of Wales, and of the tragedy of the last days of the royal House of Cunedda. But surely the homily on the last Llewelyn might be spared. The harps that chimed the prophecies of Merlin in the palace of wave-washed Aberffraw promised victory to the Prince, and had not Llewelyn ridden to the doom that met him in the lone valley by the Border stream he had been a successful and uninteresting Teuton.

Students of the law of real property will welcome the explanation of the Welsh manor in the valuable essay which Mr. Seebohm contributed to the Welsh Land Commission Report herein reproduced, and the authors' further elucidations of the subject. The account however of the economic evolution of the agricultural yearly tenant from the bondsman of the Cymwd strikes us as rather ingenious than convincing.

Generally, it must be said, after 1282 the interest of the volume declines. An unconscious Puritan bias seems to incapacitate the authors from understanding the Wales of Tudor and Stuart days. Cavalier Wales was, they tell us, sterile of literature. In printed books, possibly; but to it we owe some of the most interesting Welsh manuscripts.

Naturally things become worse as the Methodist Hegira approaches, and Rees' lying romance is treated as serious history. 'Tis pathetic here to see Welsh patriots libelling their ancestors who lived on the eve of that Hegira as the most irreligious beings in the island, when at that very period a Welsh translation of the "Imitatio Christi" was passing through its sixth edition. 'Tis humorous to find the revival of Welsh national feeling attributed to the Methodism, which waged a deadly war on the Eisteddfod. 'Tis unjust to set out at length the abuses in the Welsh Church of the eighteenth century and not to add that they were the results of the triumph of the Erastian Whiggery, against which the noblest spirits in the Church fought. 'Tis misleading to connect early Methodism with Puritan Dissent, when, in its inception it was a Church revival and was only experimentalised out of the establishment by the ecclesiastical spirit which today Sir William Harcourt embodies and caricatures.

Having lodged this caveat, let us in conclusion advise every man and woman who desires to understand Welsh life to study the charming chapter on "Rural Wales at the Present Day," which fitly closes the volume.

PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

"University of Oxford College Histories: Pembroke." By Rev. Douglas Maclean. London: Robinson. 1900. 5s. net.

THERE is really not much story to tell, and the thing of most interest about a college must still be, in most cases, to recall who and what manner of men have first tasted the vernal life of manhood within its walls, and carried its influences into the outer and larger world." This is exactly the view we expressed last week, when discussing another volume in this series. Evidently writing a college history produces the same impression as reading it; and the impression is probably a just one. A college, after all, is a matter of men and minds; it is not a building, a schedule of lectures, a list of endowments. These things are the signs, the accretions of college life, but the life itself is far other. Technically, doubtless, a college consists of its fellows and its scholars, while the comparative fixity of the resident "dons," the executive

of a college, as it were, tends to mark them out as the college proper in contrast to the passenger element of the ordinary student. But the college authorities themselves, certainly the authorities of Pembroke, would be the last to allow any such narrow conception; they realise that the life of a college must be the influence it exerts upon the nation through the men it has trained for the nation's work. In that sense, a college, though its home be in the old quiet corner at Oxford or Cambridge, is everywhere. It is that which is the real dignity of college life, which makes it wide instead of narrow, great and not small. The conception of a little group of scholars, devoted to research in seclusion from the world, has its own peculiar fascination indeed, but it is a much smaller idea. Education is greater than research, as the man is more than the scholar.

Not that Pembroke, a college "good for the rearing of men," as it has proved itself to be, fails in the production of scholars. On the contrary, pure classical scholarship has long been one of its distinctions, as it should be, seeing that its tutorial staff boasts one of the very finest classical scholars of the day. So far as the schools can testify to good teaching, Pembroke can appeal to them confidently; but the class list is not held up at that college as the one end for which youth exists, as the sole justification for knowledge. And in that it is true to the Oxford ideal. It is a very good thing to know, it is a very useful thing to make others know (or even believe) that you know, as Mr. Balfour once defined the function of examinations, but it is a better thing to think.

A small college flourishing by the side of a foundation of great splendour and magnificence, Pembroke is a good illustration of one of the happier sides of Oxford life, which allows no college or colleges to acquire such a supremacy as to strangle the rest of the University. The smaller colleges at Oxford live on in prosperity amongst the larger ones and are neither absorbed nor crowded out. They are quite able to keep their place in University public opinion (a distinctly difficult entity), even more perhaps because they can keep their place on the river than because they can hold their own in the schools. To the outside world, the smaller foundations are not, of course, familiar names as are Christ Church, New College, or Balliol, but to their own alumni their less notoriety is more than balanced by their peculiar attractions. About a small college there is less of the caravanserai; there is more compactness: it becomes more of a home. Life in a small college seems to catch something of that intensity of patriotism which has frequently marked very small states.

There is, perhaps, nothing very striking in the present Pembroke buildings, where this very vigorous life has its centre and home. They are not old and are hardly picturesque, which is a pity seeing how ancient a foundation (including its earlier existence as a hall) is Pembroke. Still, the New Quad. in autumn, when the hall is clothed with a mantle of crimson creeper, and when the chrysanthemums are out, makes a pretty picture and his would be a churlish eye indeed that refused to find considerable charm in the effect produced by that corner of the college. The decoration of the chapel too is entirely to the credit of the college's artistic taste, as also to its sense of responsibility as a good Anglican community.

After Johnson, Henry Chandler is undoubtedly the greatest "character" Pembroke has produced. Almost unknown to recent generations of undergraduates, the grim professor's appearances in the quad. were noted and reported as curiously as those of Gray at Cambridge. His reputation for hard sayings and infinite learning awed most undergraduates as much as his saturnine physiognomy. And one at least who dared to invade the professor's seclusion did not go away less awed. A mild little man, reading for "greats" and entirely bent upon his work, as to which he was not satisfied, determined to pour out his soul to Chandler. Taking his courage in both hands, he knocked at the professor's door, and the grim face emerged, terribly near; "What do you want?" "I want," faltered the little man, "to talk about my work, sir." "Talk about your work, sir; it is your duty to *do* it, not talk about it," and the door was shut. That is said to have been the last attempt on the part of that particular pupil

to cultivate the professor's closer acquaintance. But Chandler was far from churlish to all, though inevitably a melancholy man. He amassed infinite learning and pronounced his life a failure.

Pembroke men will be glad that the task of digesting and arranging the chronicles of their college has fallen to one so entirely competent as Mr. Douglas Maclean. Himself a scholar and then a resident fellow of Pembroke, Mr. Maclean has had ample opportunity to know the college as a living organism. An accomplished antiquary and the master of an admirable style, he has ungrudgingly devoted his abilities to inquiry into the college's past, and the result is two books; the present volume, and the larger "history" published by the Oxford Historical Society in 1897: and in their completeness they surely leave no room for further work in the same field. We will not follow Mr. Maclean through the early data of the college, for, as we have said, the regulation facts of a college's existence are not interesting to outsiders, while we cannot imagine that any Pembroke man will fail to possess one or both of these books on his own account.

GIOVANNI BELLINI.

"Giovanni Bellini." By Roger E. Fry. The Artist's Library. Edited by Laurence Binyon. London: At the Sign of the Unicorn. 1899. 2s. 6d.

THIS is the second number in a series of little 50-page books dealing with artists ancient and modern. The first was the "Hokusai" of Mr. C. J. Holmes; the present volume is by another of the younger critics, already known to a good many people by his lectures on Italian art.

Mr. Fry writes very well, and with a nice sense of proportion, fitting his subject into its small frame with an eye to essentials, and avoiding all discussion that would not help his arguments. He traces the influences that contended over the cradle of John Bellini, those of Venice and Padua, or more particularly the naturalism directed by a rare fancy of Jacopo his father, and the Squaronesque school of abstract linear design. Mr. Fry's exposition is very close and clear. He shows how the more native impulses lay in abeyance for a time while Bellini sought to emulate Mantegna in a science of rigid contours, then how this system dissolved into another technique under the pressure of original feeling, and later still how the change from tempera to oil painting forwarded the action of a dreamy imagination. Parallel with this change in the acuteness with which the forms of things are presented, Mr. Fry remarks the change in the emotions represented. The poignant pitifulness of the Brera *Pieta* comes as near as Bellini's temper could to the stark terror of Mantegna's "Dead Christ," expressed by means so strangely abstract; that mood is never touched again, and Bellini's nature frees itself in depicting presences that glow with an exalted and tender radiance. The secret of Bellini's greatness lies in the strength and character that underlie the suffused colour and lyrical emotion of his mature work.

Mr. Fry very lucidly describes the interplay of imaginative and technical factors in all this development, aided by a practical knowledge of the art of painting. Among the more novel parts of the book are the remarks on Jacopo Bellini, and the explanations of Giovanni Bellini's allegories at Florence and Venice, due to Dr. Ludwig. More consideration might perhaps have been given to the curiously uncertain sense of composition in so great a master. Mr. Fry notes what he calls the "accidental" composition at times of Pisanello's pictures. If this is true of Pisanello (who showed himself at other points, as in his medals, a master of design), it is also true of Bellini. So long as he is working on a traditional arrangement, such as the Madonna Enthroned, we find a certain exalting and simplifying force at work, but never a first-rate architectural sense. Indeed in one of the latest altarpieces, that in S. Giovanni Crisostomo, on the merits of whose separate parts Mr. Fry rightly insists, there is a kind of collapse of the building sense. This collapse is still more noticeable when we get away from those formal compositions to the "Allegory" at Florence.

Perhaps the most satisfactory composition in the whole "œuvre" is the "Pieta" at Rimini.

A number of process blocks of the ordinary type allow the reader to follow the text more readily. Among them is a singularly beautiful Mother and Child from the collection of Signor Frizzoni, less familiar than the examples from public galleries and churches.

NOVELS.

"Tales from Sienkiewicz." Translated by S. C. de Soissons. London: George Allen. 1899. 6s.

"In the New Promised Land." By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated by S. C. de Soissons. London: Jarrold. 1900. 2s. 6d.

"The Knights of the Cross: Danusia." By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translation edited by John Manson. London: Sands. 1900. 3s. 6d.

Count de Soissons does not appear to advantage as a writer of introductions. He would do better to leave them and such ugly compounds as "pan-human" unwritten. But his translations on the whole bear the impress of faithfulness despite certain crudities and mistakes such as the use of the expression "in vain" where "groundless" is the sense intended. The representative Slav in Sienkiewicz makes a fascinating study. He is labelled pessimist, but Slav pessimism is rather the outcome of an awakening to possibilities than of decadence. Certainly Sienkiewicz deals with gloomy themes. His métier is the tragic. But he can deal with vulgarity without himself being vulgar, without grossness. He is manifestly an artist; and his versatility is admirably exemplified by the contrast between the story of the Polish emigrants, father and daughter, duped to "the New Promised Land," there to find death and lunacy, and the short sketch entitled "The Decision of Zeus." The latter will probably prove an agreeable surprise to many English admirers of the author of "Quo Vadis?" "The Knights of the Cross" is a long historical romance of Polish life in the fifteenth century. Its main purpose is presumably to display the Teuton knights in the worst possible light. The book gives one a clear insight into the knight-errantry monasticism and superstitions of the period in which the Lithuanians were coming first under the influences of Christianity. The love theme involves the affection of a young Court lady and a humbler girl for a hero such as might have delighted the heart of Miss Jane Porter. The story is of great length and unequal merit. The sequel is left to the reader's imagination.

"Voices in the Night." By Flora Annie Steel. London: Heinemann. 1900. 6s.

It is probable that Mrs. Steel's new novel will be generally considered inferior to its more exciting predecessors. As a novel, indeed, "Voices in the Night" is too overburdened with detail to dominate the reader. A love interest of a somewhat feeble kind meanders through a jungle of irrelevant incident. There is little unity in the book. On the other hand, it presents a curiously minute picture of a great Indian city in the grip of the plague, and some of the native characters are intensely interesting. There is a very original presentment of one of the mixed marriages which infatuated middle-class Englishwomen occasionally contract with native law-students. Original, for here the Brahmin husband is an idealist devoted to his wife, and the wife is vulgarity personified. The husband is the more faithful of the pair. Mrs. Steel again wanders into corners of bazaars which the mem-sahib is generally glad to ignore. But her high-born Muhammadan ladies are interesting figures. There is one curious slip in the book: a provincial Lieutenant-Governor is represented as corresponding direct with the Secretary of State.

"Onora." By Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert). London: Grant Richards. 1900. 6s.

Miss Rosa Mulholland is so steeped in the spirit of the "distressful country," that any Irish tale from her fluent pen bears the stamp of truth upon it. In "Onora" the characters are all genuine enough, and the peasant heroine is provokingly charming. But the

story is thin, and nearly a fourth part of the volume is taken up with an Irish legend or two of little or no interest, giving an air of very industrious book-making, but injuring the spontaneity of the unpretending narrative. Still, the man or woman who can for half an hour enter into the ever-varying flashes of humour and pathos which gleam through the Irish character, lighting it up as suddenly as the sun, after a shower, brings out the shining brown rocks and wooded hillsides of Erin, will be interested in this sketch of Irish peasant life, but will not, in all probability, be sorry when the last page is reached.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Young Sportsman." Edited by A. E. T. Watson. London: Lawrence and Bullen. 1900. 10s. 6d.

"Pink and Scarlet." By Lieut.-Col. E. A. H. Alderson. London: Heinemann. 1900. 7s. 6d. net.

"Sporting Sketches." By Nat Gould. London: Everett. 1900. 6s.

Mr. Watson has taken from the "Encyclopædia of Sport" such articles as are of peculiar interest to younger sportsmen, adding to them certain special articles such as that on Fencing by Mr. Walter Herries Pollock. The collection forms a very handsome volume which will be treasured by any boy who is lucky enough to be presented with it. Mr. Nat Gould's light and amusing sketches are descriptive of places and events familiar to all votaries of sport. He covers a wide field from horse-racing to fishing, and his little speculations on things in general are not the least entertaining of his pages. He writes equally unaffectedly on the utility of a gate for purposes of local observation and gossip, and on the utility of sport as an Imperial factor. "We are a great nation," he says, "and it is our sporting proclivities that make us greater than other nations." That has become a truism, as we are reminded by Lieut.-Col. Alderson in "Pink and Scarlet." He deals with "hunting as a school for soldiering." Having come to the conclusion that "the hunting man is already a more than half-made soldier," his object is to assist the young officer in all that affects hunting in the assurance that hunting will be the very best of instructors in his profession. "Untung," said the inimitable Mr. Jorrocks, "is the sport of kings, the himage of war without its guilt and only five-and-twenty per cent. of its danger." The book is admirably supplied with plates and it need hardly be said is one which both soldiers and sportsmen may read with advantage.

"A Treatise on the Principles of the Law of Compensation." By C. A. Cripps, Q.C. Fourth Edition. London: Stevens. 1900. 25s.

There is nothing to say about this edition except that it is the fourth of a standard authority upon a branch of law which brings its successful votaries much money. The learned author has had one of the most successful careers in the profession, and it is pleasant to find the Attorney-General to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales still recording with pride on the title-page of his book that he was sometime holder of a first-class studentship of the Four Inns of Court.

"Under Orders; Not His Own Master." By Mrs. G. S. Reaney. Thynne. 1900.

This is a quaint little book of definitely religious intention, readable because of its account of a part of the world not yet overrun by trippers—Tierra del Fuego. It is a missionary tale of course. There are some quaint uses of our old friend the adverb. "Ethel . . . stood still and literally drank in the glad scene." After this, it is not surprising to hear that she was "a beauty of no ordinary type." There are some interesting photographs.

"Narrative of Cruises in the Mediterranean (1822-1826)." By William Black, surgeon, H.M.S. "Chanticleer." Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1900. 14s. net.

Dr. Black's diary forms a pleasant and picturesque account of the Mediterranean in the days of the Greek war of independence. He was a neutral observer of many stirring incidents, and his notes are an interesting side-light on the stages of the conflict "precedent to the grand crisis of the naval battle of Navarino in the Morea."

"The Genealogical Magazine" for June contains notes and articles, continued from previous numbers, of which a "Record of Documents under the Great and Privy Seals of Scotland" may be specially mentioned. The principal article is by Mr. A. C. Fox Davies on "The Mitre of an Archbishop." It is loosely worded and deals in a summary manner with matters on which there might be considerable controversy. The statement that the Bishop of Durham was "from the earliest times" "temporal Lord of the Palatinate of Durham" implies some confusion of thought; and omits all reference to the fact

that the antiquity of this palatine claim is doubted by competent antiquarians. It is further stated that the bishops placed a ducal coronet round their mitre, but the sculptured mitres at Durham show the coronet of a marquess. There is one conspicuous example of careless editing on p. 66 where the Hustings Court of London is printed Hastings.

"The Antiquary" for June is also interesting: a note of the ruinous condition of the church of Huddington, Worcestershire; and an account of the tradition of the Holy Blood at Bruges, with reference to the celebration in May of the 750th anniversary of the entry into Bruges of this mysterious relic. Articles on aboriginal American writing by Dr. Thomas Gann, and on the British Section of Antonine's Itinerary by Canon Raven are interesting. Mr. W. H. Draper's article on "King Alfred as a Man of Letters" is not merely a careful performance, but supplies reference to good authorities; a practice to be recommended to all writers on antiquarian subjects.

In our notice last week of books on the war the misplacing of a sentence made it appear that in criticising Mr. Dunn we were censuring Commander Robinson's "Transvaal War Album." The passage beginning "Mr. Dunn of the so-called . . ." and ending "explosive bullets," refers not to Commander Robinson's work, as the reader might suppose, but to "Pen Pictures of the War."

The issue of the Washington "Bulletin of the Department of Labour" for May chiefly comprises elaborate and useful accounts of voluntary conciliation and arbitration in Great Britain, by Mr. John Bruce McPherson, and of Austrian Labour Laws by Mr. W. F. Willoughby.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

Das Aufsteigen des Arbeiterstandes in England: ein Beitrag zur sozialen Geschichte der Gegenwart. Von Hans von Nostitz, Legationsrath im Königlichen Sächsischen Ministerium der auswärtigen Angelegenheiten. Jena: Fischer. 1900. 18m.

This contribution to modern sociology, which Herr von Nostitz has published in 800 large octavo pages under the title of "The Rise of the Working Class in England," is a book which makes one's mouth water. Without implying the least discourtesy to any of the industrious people who are toiling at the subject in this country, least of all to the band of students, to be mentioned *honoris causa*, whom Professor Hewins has gathered round him in the London School of Economics, it is yet a fact which Mr. Hewins would himself be the first to acknowledge that monographs of this kind are rarely attempted and yet more rarely successful. In a sense, the sixth volume of the late Mr. Traill's "Social England" covers to some extent the same ground, but Herr von Nostitz has the advantage of treating with one brain and hand all the various phases of development, and thus of producing not merely a record of events, but a purposeful history of evolution. Herr von Nostitz proves something. At least he states three conclusions, and winds up with a pertinent question; and Sir John Seeley, as we know, maintained that a review of the past ought to lead to a prophecy of the future. The three lessons taught to Herr von Nostitz by Social England in the nineteenth century are briefly the following: (1) The Marxian doctrine of the pauperisation of the masses, according to which the submerged will constantly sink deeper, and the poor and destitute will become poorer and more destitute, is untenable—it is refuted by the example of the very country and industries on which it was originally built, viz. the mining and textile industries in England; (2) Legislation and self-government are bringing it to pass that no object is too trifling, no circle too small, no place too remote, to miss its share of honour and faith, and of the great community of human labour. Even the least is significant, because the whole is but a sum of parts. Everyone in his station can serve, and better his position; (3) The economic development in England has determined social development, but it has not permanently governed it, and the rise of the working class, though it has not taken place altogether without class warfare, is yet possible in English life without dependence on that aid. So much for the conclusions which amount, it will be seen, to saying that England is the fortunate island of Socialism. But Herr von Nostitz, impressed though he is by its favourable conditions, is not wholly without misgiving. "We can but assert," he writes, "that the social movement in England is less dangerous at present than elsewhere. Still, it has dangers in its own kind. . . . In the manifesto of the Independent Labour Party in 1893, it was stated that the political mission of the working class was to obtain control of the land. In these words the peril is perceived, which is the more perilous because the democratisation of the constitution has left it freer from obstacles than in other countries. The words point to a class-rule of the masses, whose experiment in social economics would be as unfair as the class-rule of the aristocracy-plutocracy, inasmuch as it would neglect the rights and interests of all orders of the popula-

tion except manual labourers. No one can foretell the course of this development, but so much is certain: the intrinsic worth of the upper classes will be an essential, if not the decisive factor."

And thus Herr von Nostitz is led, through his expressions of regret at the causes célèbres in recent legal history, to formulate his farewell question—"Will the proprietary classes remain the leaders, after they have ceased to be the masters?" When a foreigner draws conclusions and attempts to prophesy about ourselves, it is natural that we should look at his credentials. Herr von Nostitz answers that test very well. He claims to be exempt on the one part from the "blind worship of English institutions," which was formerly the rule in Germany, and on the other from the political bitterness which has latterly been growing. And this impartial profession is supported by the preparation which our author has undergone. When we look at the formidable list of authorities, ranging from blue-books to "Marcella," which Herr von Nostitz has studied intelligently, we begin to wonder a little what is the ordinary employment of one of the chiefs in the Saxon Foreign Office. For Herr von Nostitz has spent altogether more than six months in this country, not an excessive period in itself, but one that he plainly employed to the best purpose as a means of "orientation" for his further investigations by the printed word. "Everyone and everything in England is interesting," he records, and he seems to have come in personal and hospitable contact with all that is best worth knowing. For years past he has been a constant reader of the greatest of our newspapers and reviews, and it is difficult to discover any omissions in the bibliography he has consulted. Perhaps some chapters would have benefited by acquaintance with the life of Birkbeck and with Mr. Graham Wallas' biography of Francis Place. But the most disconcerting feature in this list of books is the fact that, with the exception of Parliamentary papers, the most important works on the subject in its various branches have been written by Frenchmen and Germans. Herr von Nostitz has supplemented their labours by his residence on English soil, and we can but congratulate him on the accuracy of his information. His account, for instance, of public school and University life in England—the stock puzzles for the foreigner—are marked by an extraordinary sympathy and power of assimilation.

Finally, we submit a brief synopsis of the contents of this monumental work, parts of which, like Schulze Gaevernitz's kindred work on "Social Peace," would well repay translation. After some brief introductory remarks, the first chapter deals with constitutional history, tracing the wane of the monarchical and the rise of the democratic idea, which brings him to the conclusion that England just now is an "aristocratic democracy." Chapter II. deals with Primary Instruction, and includes the new Code, and careful accounts follow of our systems of higher education, university extension, university settlements, working-men's colleges, with an appendix on boys' brigades. This, of course, has all been done before, and Herr von Nostitz takes no note of the work being done by the polytechnics. The second book deals with trade unions, of which the author would seem to be in favour, though he recognises the evils of which they are capable. Chapter VI. comes to friendly societies and the co-operative movement, on which ensues a long section on workmen's protection. Wages are dealt with in Chapter VIII., with full and clear accounts of the living wage, profit sharing, the sliding scale, and so forth; Chapter IX. discusses hours of labour, and can not be counted incomplete by its omission of the Factories Bill now on the table of the House of Commons, and the sweating system and industrial strikes are next passed in review, with special reference to the important lessons of the coal strike of 1893. Chapters XII. and XIII. are devoted to the problems of housing and of out-of-work labourers, and the last chapter summarises what has gone before in sixty clearly written pages. The publisher, the receipt of whose catalogue we have also to acknowledge with thanks, correctly describes this book as one of especial importance for English readers.

Wohnungsnot und Wohnungsjammer. Von Dr. Hans Kurella. Frankfurt a. M.: R. Hülse. 1m. 50.

This pamphlet, which discusses the problem of overcrowding in relation to its influence on morality, its origin in the iniquity of the land laws, and the efforts made to combat it by the democratic municipalities, belongs rather to the class of controversial propaganda than to that of literature proper. Dr. Kurella expressly states that he is writing in the hope of effecting an agitation; "experts will find," he continues, "that I am acquainted with the statistical and economic literature on the housing question as well in Germany as abroad," and his bibliographical appendix comprises, apart from his own works, a useful list of the literature that has been published on the subject. It includes the books of Mr. Booth and Mr. Webb, and the important reports of the United States Commissioner of Labour, so that the pamphlet before us may fairly claim to be a serious contribution to the matter which it treats. The solution suggested is conceived on lines of municipal Socialism, by the delegation of such powers to the municipalities as the

(Continued on page 724.)

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(JUNE 12th).

County Councils assume in this country. We surmise that one factor in this solution is a protest against the small esteem in which the Berlin magistracy is held by the powers that be.

Heimatpolitik durch Weltpolitik. Von Adolph von Wenckstern. 1st and 2nd editions. Leipzig: Duncker und Humblot. 1900. 2m.

This volume is a collection of speeches expressly delivered in order to help the passage of the Navy Bill through the German Imperial Diet. Herr von Wenckstern seems to have made a kind of pastoral tour with this patriotic purpose. One day he was lecturing at Weimar on "Goethe;" another day at Gera on "The Lilies of the Field;" yet another day, and the inhabitants of Bochum were listening to his views on "Bismarck," and the rest of his fifteen discourses include such subjects as "What is World Power?" "The Works of Peace," "William the Great," &c. We do not profess to have read word by word all these special pleas for a big fleet, but we certainly admire the dexterity with which Herr von Wenckstern has turned each topic that he touches to the advancement of the ideal stated in his motto "navigare necesse est quia vivere." In one instance we were disappointed. We looked with interest to a discourse entitled "German Drama," in the hope of discovering the authors of "Magda" and "The Sunken Bell" pressed into the service of the Navy Bill. But the German drama in this instance means the drama of Germany, to which the rejection of the Bill in question would form "the tragedy, Finis Germaniæ." In another of the author's remarks we find ourselves in full agreement: "It is harder to reign," he declares, "as the present Emperor tries to reign, than to govern as Bismarck governed." This we believe to be absolutely true. When the captain dismissed the pilot, he consciously undertook a higher steersman's ideal, and he has lived up to it ever since. The German nation undoubtedly owes him his ships, and this is the sum of Herr Adolph von Wenckstern's contention. A second series of speeches by the same author and publishers has reached us under the title of "Auf Scholle und Welle."

Die Insel. Berlin and Leipzig: Schuster u. Loeffler. April 1900. 3m.

We have been favoured with the April number of Otto Julius Bierbaum's artistic review, which, though still a little decadent in tone, is a fine example of German typography and black-and-white work. Frank Wedekind sends to it the first two instalments of a series of "Munich Scenes, Drawn from Life," but we are not favourably impressed with the life from which they are drawn. It suggests that the Munich, which we know as a city with Italian affinities, is fast deserting her traditions for the glamour of the Paris Quartier Latin. Herr von Lilienkron, one of the ablest of German lyric poets, contributes a poem on the burning of Altona in January 1713. There is a eulogy, not to say an ecstasy, about Loie Fuller's dancing, hardly assisted by the illustration, and there are eight really perfect reproductions of Flaxman's pictures from the "Odyssey."

Deutsche Rundschau. Berlin: Gebrüder Paetel. June 1900.

Considered purely as a piece of literature, Herr Ernst von Wildenbruch's story, which is concluded in the current number of this review, is far and away the best production of literary Germany this year. Wildenbruch's melodious style and poetical inspiration find complete expression in the theme he has chosen—the life story of an old man, who dates all his loneliness and unhappiness from his boyish jealousy of his brother. The jealousy (which is the title of the story) had fatal results, and took its origin in the father's favouritism. Last month we reviewed the first instalment of the tale, which brought the narrative to the point where the old man was beginning to speak. From his opening words, "Once upon a time there were two children. Two boys. Brothers. And the children had parents," to the conclusion of the whole matter, when the septuagenarian draws his secret curtain and shows the sympathetic stranger "a little helmet, a cuirass, a sabre and a bent trumpet"—the tokens of his life-long tragedy—we follow his story, deeply touched, and seem to hear the very voice of the character Herr von Wildenbruch has created. It is a children's tale first and foremost, and it would well repay a translator who could obtain permission to publish it for the Christmas season. For its moral of neighbourly love shines through every line. The "Rundschau's" contents further include articles on "The Berlin Academy of Arts: its Past History and Present Functions," on "Electric Currents and Wireless Telegraphy," on recent music in Berlin, and so forth.

We have to acknowledge with thanks numbers 32 to 35 of the current volume of Dr. Barth's excellent weekly, "Die Nation," and the "Neue Deutsche Rundschau" for June, which contains an instalment of the correspondence between Liszt and the Princess Wittgenstein, as well as "Das Litterarische Echo" for June, which devotes one of its articles to reviews of recent English books, including "Paolo and Francesca" and "Red Pottage."

For This Week's Books see page 726.

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THE GOVERNOR AND COMPANY OF THE

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The Stock is chargeable upon the Borough and District Fund, and the Borough and General District Rate, which latter is unlimited in amount; and also upon the Gas, Water, and other undertakings of the Corporation, and the revenue of their real estates.

The Loan is required to discharge the present and prospective indebtedness of the Corporation for Tramways, Waterworks, and Town Improvements.

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A full six months' dividend on the total nominal amount of the Stock will be payable on the 1st November, 1900.

Applications, which must be accompanied by a deposit of £5 per cent., will be received at the Chief Cashier's Office, Bank of England, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., up to Four o'clock on Friday, the 15th day of June, 1900. The amount of Stock applied for must be written on the outside of the application. In case of partial allotment, the balance of the amount paid as deposit will be applied towards the payment of the first instalment. Should there be a surplus after making that payment, such surplus will be refunded by cheque.

Applications must be for multiples of £10, but the Stock once inscribed will be transferable in any sums which are multiples of a penny, as in Consols. No allotment will be made of a less amount than £10 Stock.

The dates at which the further payments on account of the Loan will be required are as follows:—

On Friday,	the 22nd June,	1900, £16 per cent.;
On Monday,	the 23rd July,	1900, £15 per cent.;
On Wednesday,	the 22nd August,	1900, £15 per cent.;
On Friday,	the 21st September,	1900, £15 per cent.;
On Monday,	the 22nd October,	1900, £15 per cent.;
On Thursday,	the 1st November,	1900, £15 per cent.;

but the instalments may be paid in full on and after the 22nd June, under discount at the rate of £2 per cent. per annum. In case of default in the payment of any instalment at its proper date, the deposits and instalments previously paid will be liable to forfeiture.

Scrip Certificates to Bearer, with coupon attached for the dividend payable 1st November next, will be issued in exchange for the provisional receipts.

The Stock will be inscribed in the Bank's Books on or after the 1st November, 1900, but Scrip paid in full in anticipation may be inscribed forthwith.

Applications must be on printed forms, which can be obtained at the Chief Cashier's Office, Bank of England; at any of the Branches of the Bank of England; of Messrs. MULLENS, MARSHALL & Co., 4 Lombard Street, London, E.C.; or at the Guildhall, Nottingham.

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	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1830	3,495 0 0	728 0 0	4,223 0 0
1840	3,020 0 0	663 0 0	3,683 0 0
1850	2,625 0 0	598 0 0	3,223 0 0
1860	2,117 10 0	507 0 0	2,624 10 0
1870	1,560 0 0	377 0 0	1,937 0 0
1880	1,180 0 0	247 0 0	1,427 0 0
1890	1,000 0 0	117 0 0	1,117 0 0

* In the event of the Policy becoming a claim prior to January 1, 1905, these amounts will be increased by £13 in respect of every Annual Premium due and paid on or after January 1, 1900.

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